This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

HARVARD DEPOSITORY
BRITTLE BOOK

THE CHURCHYARD MANUAL.

Y91
HeiKe

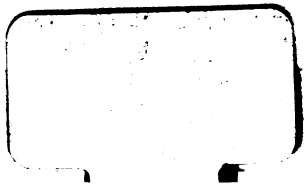
378.91 Kuhe

The Theological School in Harvard University

ANDOVER-HARVARD THEOLOGICAL
LIBRARY

MDCCCCX

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS



" Go to the grave, but not to sigh
Because his transient date is o'er;
That which we here miscall '*to die*,'
Means but to live for evermore."

THE

Churchyard Manual.

INTENDED CHIEFLY FOR

RURAL DISTRICTS.

BY

W. HASTINGS KELKE, A.B.,

RECTOR OF DRAYTON BEAUCHAMP.

WITH DESIGNS FOR CHURCHYARD MEMORIALS

KINDLY FURNISHED BY

G. G. SCOTT, ESQ., AND W. SLATER, ESQ.,

ARCHITECTS.

LONDON:

C. COX, 12, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.

1851.

NOV24 1909
(1564)

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.

PREFACE.

ERRATA.

Preface, page ix. line 16, *for* Hattoft *read* Huttoft.

Epitaph 160, line 3, *for* will *read* with. Place a comma after prayer, in line 4; and a period after accord, in line 6.

Epitaph 242, line 4, *for* tasting *read* lasting.

easily be invested with all the requisites of Christian cemeteries. Yet too often they present a neglected and an unbecoming appearance; and still more frequently they contain, and continue to receive, memorials of an objectionable character. These are evils of a serious nature, and are the more reprehensible because

NOV24 1909
(1564)

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.

PREFACE.

THIS Manual, compiled solely for practical purposes, seeks only to commend itself to those who are more or less directly interested in its proposed object. This object is the improvement of rural churchyards. The crowded churchyards of large towns seldom admit of much improvement, except perhaps in the character of their memorials. It is far otherwise with those in rural districts; these, with few exceptions, may easily be invested with all the requisites of Christian cemeteries. Yet too often they present a neglected and an unbecoming appearance; and still more frequently they contain, and continue to receive, memorials of an objectionable character. These are evils of a serious nature, and are the more reprehensible because

the appointed guardians of churchyards have it in their power to prevent them. These officers, however, must not be hastily and indiscriminately accused of wilful negligence or indifference. Their non-interference oftener arises from an insufficient knowledge of the nature and extent of their authority; from their doubting the expediency of exercising it; or from their being unprovided with a specific remedy at the moment some acknowledged evil is about to be renewed. To assist in the removal of such obstacles is the express design of this Manual.

The Remarks on Churchyards are intended not only to show the importance of giving them a true Christian character, but also to point out the course to be adopted to effect this object.

The monumental designs, kindly furnished by experienced architects, supply appropriate models for future memorials.

The Collection of Epitaphs, it is hoped, will be found an acceptable aid towards improving the character of such inscriptions.

This little Manual, therefore, which makes no pretension to literary merit, is commended to the consideration of clergymen, churchwardens, and the fabricators of churchyard memorials; and, through their practical use of it, it is humbly hoped that it may not only be the means of leading to the improved appearance of many country churchyards, but also in some measure promote the honour and glory of HIM who is the life of them that believe, and the resurrection of the dead.

The Compiler offers his cordial thanks to G. G. Scott, Esq., and W. Slater, Esq., for their generous and valuable contribution of the designs with which this book is illustrated and enriched; but it must be distinctly understood that these gentlemen are not responsible for any architectural remarks which occur in it.

The Epitaphs, collected from various sources, have in many instances been considerably altered, not with the presumption of improving the originals, but to render them more simple, or to

adapt them to the purposes of memorial inscription.

By the kind and ready permission of Mr. Snow, the author of 'Lyra Memorialis,' * several epitaphs have been transcribed from its pages; but, as they have been selected from the most simple, or have been simplified by the transcriber, they must not be regarded as fair specimens of the beautiful inscriptions in that book, which will ever remain an acceptable work to all who are interested in memorial inscriptions of an elegant and poetical character.

Cordial thanks are also due to the author of 'Things after Death,' † for his most kind and handsome letter assenting to a selection from the epitaphs in that work, which, in addition to 150 epitaphs, contains some interesting chapters on the Intermediate State, and on Family Burying-places.

* Published by G. Bell, 186, Fleet-street.

† Published by Rivingtons, London.

The Compiler returns his warmest thanks to the following contributors:—

To his esteemed friend the Rev. Henry Linton, vicar of Diddington, Huntingdon, who generously transferred to this Manual a number of epitaphs which he had collected with a view to publication; to the Rev. John Evans, incumbent of Whixall, Shropshire, for his invaluable assistance and contributions; to the Rev. R. Eaton Batty, of Ackworth, Yorkshire; the Rev. J. A. Fenton, late of Norton, near Sheffield; the Rev. W. W. Ewbank, Everton, Liverpool; Edward Foycross, Esq., London; the Rev. C. W. Bingham, Bingham Melcombe, Dorset; the Rev. J. H. Snell, Buckland, Bucks; the Rev. G. Bryan, Hattoft, Lincolnshire; the Rev. B. Whitelock, Groombridge, Tunbridge Wells; "A Retired Stonemason:" and to the conductors of the Church and State Gazette for their ready admission of a correspondence which proved of considerable service to the Compiler of this Manual.

The frontispiece, taken from a sketch by Mr. Slater, is an accurate view of the church of Drayton Beauchamp, which has been chosen from the persuasion that it will be interesting to many persons as the first incumbency of the "judicious" Richard Hooker. Since his presentation to the rectory, A.D. 1584, the church apparently has undergone but little external alteration, excepting that the tower, which is built of alternate squares of flint and hewn stone, has been unfortunately covered with stucco.

Drayton Beauchamp,
July, 1851.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

CEMETERIES 1
General Respect for the Dead 1
Scriptural Respect for the Dead 2
Christian Cemeteries 4
Sacredness of Churchyards 6
Care of Churchyards 8
Claims of Churchyards 13
Suggestions respecting Churchyards 15

CHURCHYARD MEMORIALS 19
Classic Style 20
Gothic, or Pointed Style 24

EMBELLISHMENT:—
Decorative Ornament 29
Symbolic Ornament 32

EXAMPLES:—
Wooden Memorials 38
Stone and Slate Headstones 39
Flat Stones 45
Coped Tombs 47
Altar Tombs 50

INSCRIPTIONS:—
Examples from the First Ages of Christianity . 53
Examples from the Middle Ages 53
The Character of Epitaphs after the Reformation 59
Suggestions respecting Epitaphs 60

PAGE

EPITAPHS 65

The Periods of Life:—

Infancy 65
Childhood 72
Youth 75
Old Age 79

The Connexions of Life:—

Parents 81
Husbands and Wives 85
Christian Pastors 88
Missionaries 91
Parish Clerks and Sextons 94
Naval and Military Men 96
Servants 98

The Casualties of Life:—

Sudden Death 101
After lingering Illness or severe Suffering . . 103
Deaf, Dumb, Blind, &c. 106
Accidental Death 110
Violent Death 113
The Lost at Sea 114

Eminent Christians 116
Resignation 124
Monitory 132
Miscellaneous 139

The Churchyard Manual.

CEMETERIES.

General Respect for the Dead.

THERE is inherent in our nature a feeling of respect for the dead bodies of our fellow-creatures. Influenced by this common sympathy, all ages and nations of the world have observed some funereal rite, and, after honouring the departed with its observance, have disposed of their bodies according to their respective notions of prudence and decorum. The Egyptians, and other eastern nations, generally embalmed their dead, and, burying them in dry sepulchres, preserved their bodies for centuries. The ancient Greeks and Romans commonly burned their dead, and, preserving their ashes in urns, deposited them in the earth, or in tombs, within public or private cemeteries, enclosed and arranged for the purpose. These cemeteries were consi-

dered sacred, and the violation of a tomb was severely punished.*

Scriptural Respect for the Dead.

The worshippers of the only true God appear to have felt even greater respect for their departed brethren, considering the slightest mutilation of their bodies as a barbarous indignity. Consequently they never adopted the custom of burning the dead, which has ever been exclusively confined to pagan nations. A misunderstanding of two or three passages in Holy Scripture have led to the belief that burning the dead was occasionally practised by the Jews; but the burning referred to in these instances was not the burning of the bodies, but of odours and spices with which the bodies were fumigated, which (as appears from 2 Chron. xvi. 14, xxi. 19; Jer. xxxiv. 5) was a testimony of special honour. Guided, probably, by the Almighty's words to Adam, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," his true worshippers have always considered interment the proper mode, when in their power, of disposing of their dead. For this purpose Abraham purchased the cave of Machpelah, "for the possession of a bury-

* Adams's Roman Antiquities, pp. 444-453; Riddle's Christian Antiquities, p. 754; and Camden's Remains, p. 356.

ing-place:" there he buried Sarah; there he himself was buried; there Isaac and Rebecca were buried; there Jacob buried his wife Leah; and, after his own death was carried there himself to be interred in the family sepulchre.* So impressed was King David with the duty of paying this last token of respect to the departed, that he carefully gathered up the bones of Saul and of his son more than thirty years after their death to give them honourable burial.† In the New Testament we find evidences of the same kind of respect for the dead. When John the Baptist was beheaded, his disciples carefully "buried his body, and went and told Jesus."‡ "Devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him."§ Jesus himself wept at the grave of Lazarus, and commended the woman who poured on his head some "very precious ointment," because, said he, "she did it for my burial." Had such tokens of respect for the dead been displeasing to God, our Lord would certainly not have thus expressed his commendation; especially as he foresaw that similar honour would shortly afterwards be paid towards his lifeless body. It is indeed remarkable that his body, which, while living, was permitted to be

* Gen. xlix. 31.
† 2 Sam. xxi. 12-14.
‡ Matt. xiv. 12.
§ Acts viii. 2.

treated with cruelty and ignominy, after death received all due respect and honourable burial. And all this had been made the subject of Divine prophecy.

Guided by these and similar indications of Scripture, the early Christians evinced respectful attention as well as sorrow for the dead; carefully interred their bodies, and endeavoured to protect their resting-places from profane intrusion.*

Christian Cemeteries.

The primitive Christians appear to have followed the practice common to Jew and Gentile, of burying their dead without the walls of towns; generally selecting for their cemeteries elevated spots near public roads.† This was the practice of the ancient British Church, and also of the Romish Church in this country, till A.D. 758, when Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, obtained the King's licence to bury within the city. Whenever burials in churches occurred before this time, as at St. Augustine's, Canterbury, those churches stood outside the walls of the city or town.‡

* Weever, p. 17.

† Camden's Remains, p. 356; Riddle's Christian Antiquities, p. 754.

‡ Stillingfleet's Orig. Brit., chap. i.

The Romish practice of prayer and masses for the dead, so lucrative to the Church, gradually led to the neglect, and finally to the abandonment of remote cemeteries. The superstitious notion that souls were detained in purgatory for a longer or a shorter period, according to the number of masses offered for them, naturally excited a strong desire to be buried where an interest in those services was most likely to be effectually secured. Burial in the church was therefore first in request, as placing the tomb of the deceased immediately and constantly before the officiating priests. With the same object, burial above ground, if it can be so called, became common, both in churches and churchyards. The coffin, or tomb, containing the remains of the deceased, was placed on the floor, or in a recess in the walls of the church, or above ground in the churchyard, so as more prominently to attract the attention. As a church became filled with tombs, or the fees for burial in it exorbitant, the adjacent ground was next sought in the hope of gaining the attention of the priests and worshippers as they assembled for public devotion.* Thus churches and churchyards, in course of time, became the only places of sepulture.

It was not, however, till the fourteenth cen-

* Weever, p. 8 ; Riddle's Christian Antiquities, p. 755 ; Kennett's Parochial Antiquities, pp. 592-593.

tury that churchyards were recognised as parochial cemeteries by law, although long previously used for the purpose.* The old cemeteries were now forsaken, unless adopted, as they sometimes were, for the sites of new churches.

The Sacredness of Churchyards.

Churchyards, or the enclosures containing churches, though not intended for interment of the dead, have always been consecrated, or solemnly dedicated to God. The ancient British Church performed this act with remarkable solemnity. The appointed ground being marked out, and probably a temporary shed built on it, a bishop or priest passed there the whole forty days of Lent in fasting and prayer: after which the church was erected.† The custom at a later period was for the Bishop to set up a cross in the appointed enclosure, when the building of the church commenced, and after its completion the consecration took place; though the first setting up of the cross appears to have been attended with some religious service similar to that now observed at the laying of the corner-stone of a church.‡ The form of consecrating churchyards

* Cripps's Treatise on the Laws of the Church.
† Bede's Eccl. Hist. lib. iii. c. 23.
‡ Jacob's Law Dictionary.

during the Roman Catholic times contained many superstitious ceremonies, which our Reformed Church has virtually discarded, as well as other Romish innovations, although she has not authorised any other form.*

A form of consecrating churches, churchyards, and places of burial, was agreed on by both Houses of Convocation, A.D. 1712, but not receiving the royal assent, it was not enjoined to be observed. It is nevertheless generally used for the purpose, though each bishop is at liberty to consecrate according to his own judgment.† And as the law does not recognise churches or churchyards as such till their consecration,‡ the necessity of their consecration is thus rendered absolute. The practice also is both scriptural and desirable. Divested of superstitious ceremonies it becomes a sacred dedication of the place to Almighty God. The churchyard, thus solemnly consecrated to God, is no longer man's but God's. It should be held as sacred, kept in good order, and not used for any purpose inconsistent with that to which it has been solemnly devoted. To secure these objects it is entrusted to the care of special guardians.

* Short's History of the English Church, p. 403.
† Rogers' Eccl. Law, p. 157.
‡ Jacob's Law Dictionary, the word *Church*.

The Care of the Churchyard.

The custody of the churchyard lies relatively in the incumbent and churchwardens of the parish. The churchwardens are "to see that it is kept in decent and fitting manner; that it is cleared of all rubbish, thorns, briars, and every thing else that may annoy the parishioners when they come into it, or be any hindrance to them in the burying of their dead." "No sinks or gutters, or anything else unbecoming this consecrated place, may be permitted there." "The surrounding fence, the gates, styles, doors, and paths leading to the church are to be constantly kept in good order."* Churchwardens are required to attend to all these things by virtue of their office. But they should not be satisfied with doing as little as their engagements require from them. They should take an interest and a pleasure in discharging the duties of their office. Remembering that they have solemnly undertaken the care of the churchyard, they should frequently examine its condition, or they cannot possibly know whether it is constantly kept consistently with their engagements. Before, however, they make in it any alterations, they should always consult the clergyman, for without his

* Prideaux's Directions to Churchwardens, pp. 31, 32; Rogers' Eccl. Law, pp. 229, 230; Canon 85.

approbation, or that of the ordinary, such alterations are illegal.

The incumbent has a personal interest in the churchyard. Whether rector or vicar (or perpetual curate*) the churchyard is his freehold, but affording him only a conditional power over it. He may use the herbage, and top or lop the trees growing in it. If the chancel need repair, he may fell trees in the churchyard for the purpose, or, if so disposed, may *give* them for the repair of the church, but if they are needed to shelter it from storms, he may not cut them down for either object.† He ought not to admit into the churchyard cattle likely to injure the tombs or graves, for he is subject, equally with other persons, to legal process for any such injury.‡ He cannot deny the burial of a parishioner in the churchyard, but may refuse an alleged claim to a particular spot in it;§ and this power may be beneficially exercised by forbidding burial too near the walls of the church. The Act for building new churches enjoins that no grave shall be made within 20 feet of the church, ‖ and

* See note at p. 10 for Sir Frederick Pollock's opinion.

† Rogers' Eccl. Law, pp. 236-238; Prideaux's Churchwardens, pp. 33, 34.

‡ Rogers' Eccl. Law, pp. 162, 163; Prideaux, pp. 101, 102.

§ Canon 68; Rogers' Eccl. Law, pp. 126 and 132.

‖ Rogers' Eccl. Law, p. 211.

though this prohibition does not apply to churches previously existing, yet it shows that, in the opinion of competent judges, a considerable space round the church should be kept free from graves. The incumbent is not *authorised* to bury strangers, or non-parishioners, in his churchyard,* but may do so by custom where the churchyard is spacious, and not likely to be wholly required for the burial of parishioners. He may be required to bury in the churchyard persons dying in his parish, and dead bodies cast within its limits by the sea, or otherwise.† Subject to the ordinary, the clergyman may refuse to admit a gravestone, or other memorial, into the churchyard. But should one be secretly or pertinaciously intruded, he must not forcibly remove or deface it. If the offending party, on being admonished, refuse to remove it, the clergyman, whether incumbent or curate, should immediately represent the case to the ordinary, who alone can legally prosecute the offender.‡ The clergyman of the parish, how-

* Rogers' Eccl. Law, p. 126.

† Ibid., pp. 130, 131.

‡ Ibid., pp. 162, 163, and 236; Prideaux's Directions to Churchwardens, tenth edition, pp. 101, 102, and notes.

The following opinion of Sir Frederick Pollock is too important to be omitted here:—"1st. I am of opinion that the soil and freehold of the church and churchyard belong to the parson (2 Cro. p. 367; Com. Dig., title 'Eglise,' Geo. I.); and I think the parson is the rector,

ever, thus clearly possesses the means of controlling the character of the memorials admitted into the churchyard. The due discharge of this duty is extremely important. Hitherto the selection of these memorials has been left to the fancy of those erecting them. However ignorant or irreligious such persons might be, they have generally been permitted, on paying the accustomed fee, to commemorate their friends with whatever kind of monument they chose. The natural consequence has ensued. Our consecrated burial-grounds are too generally disgraced by profane or ridiculous memorials. The sinner is encouraged in wickedness by that which ought to excite his terror and remorse. Even where the intention has been to

vicar, or perpetual curate, according as the cure of souls belongs to one or other of these ecclesiastical persons.

"2nd. Whether in some places there may be a custom, or, as to some families or persons, a prescription to erect a headstone, monument, or memorial, I cannot undertake to say; but, generally, I am of opinion that any person has not a right to erect such memorial as he may think proper (or I think any memorial) without the consent of the parson, whether rector, vicar, or perpetual curate; and for this purpose I think there is no difference between the case of a rector and vicar (the great tithes, or part of them, being in a lay impropriator), or a perpetual curate." —*Frederick Pollock*, Temple, Jan. 16, 1839. *The Ecclesiastical Gazette*, Feb. 1839. See also Nos. for Dec. 1840, and March, 1847, where various cases are legally considered.

convey a pious sentiment, the expressions are sometimes so odd and ungrammatical, that it is difficult to read them with gravity. Nothing can be more calculated to destroy all reverence for churchyards than the continuance of a practice which suffers them to be thus profaned. And if it is continued, the clergy must be held responsible for its consequences—the remedy being alone in their power. Let a decided check, then, be at once put to the evil. Let the clergyman inform his parishioners, by a notice on the church-door or otherwise, that for the future no memorial will be admitted into the churchyard without his previous approval. It will not, however, be advisable to enjoin minute restrictions. The taste and feelings of persons commemorating their friends should be tenderly regarded, and their wishes, as far as possible, complied with. But decidedly objectionable memorials should be unhesitatingly rejected. Where such already exist the friends of the deceased may sometimes be persuaded to alter or remove them. To effect these salutary improvements in churchyards there is no need to neglect more important duties. The more active and laborious a clergyman is in his parish the more easily may he accomplish this object. If he only express his feelings on the subject he will soon find them responded to by the majority of his parishioners.

The Claims of Churchyards.

Churchyards appeal to us through so many interesting events and associations that we might expect always to find them kept in good order, and regarded with reverence. The force of Scriptural example, the practice of primitive Christianity, the voice of our own Reformed Church, and the natural sympathies of humanity —all combine to inculcate a due regard for these Christian cemeteries. But they have even closer and more affecting claims upon our regard. They contain the relics of our departed friends —our honoured parents, our cherished children, our beloved brothers, or sisters. The sacred and endearing bonds of relationship connect us with churchyards. Our very flesh and blood are mingling with their dust. We cannot be so cold and degraded as to view with indifference the graves of our beloved friends. No: we regard them with feelings of respect and affection. We are grateful to others who respect them. We delight to see the whole churchyard properly attended to for the sake of those graves alone. Let us then do as we would be done by. If we desire that our friends' graves should be respected, let us respect the graves of others. Every churchyard, and perhaps every portion of it, contains graves which others regard as ten-

derly as we do those of our departed friends. Unfeeling, then, is the heart of that man who does not honour and respect the whole churchyard for the sake of the living, if not from respect to the dead. Thus the claims of churchyards to our reverence, when duly considered, are so various and so universally applicable, that those who refuse it pronounce their own disgrace.

When we reflect on the affecting circumstances under which every grave was closed, and every monument erected, and call to mind the injunctions and provisions of the Church on this subject, it is scarcely too much to assert that the moral and religious state of a parish may be fairly guessed at by the appearance of its churchyard. For if Christian piety influence a parish; if the injunctions of the Church be regarded there; if brotherly affection be there at work; if the children be nurtured in the fear of God, and with reverence for what is devoted to Him; if a desire prevail there for the spiritual good of the way-faring man and the stranger; if there be any genuine love of propriety—any true sense of decency and decorum—surely unmistakeable indications will appear in the character and condition of the last solemn resting place of the departed friends and companions of those persons living in that parish.

Suggestions.

If all the right-minded persons in our several parishes would combine with the clergyman and churchwardens for the improvement of churchyards, they would soon assume that quiet, solemn, and religious character which they ought ever to possess. We should no longer see them overgrown with weeds and briars, or converted into drying-grounds by laundresses, or into playgrounds by children. They would be held as the sacred resting-places of the dead, and never entered but with reverence and serious reflection. They would present plain evidences of the general interest felt in them by the parishioners. It is a pleasing, and no uncommon circumstance, to find the humbler inhabitants of a parish constantly keeping in decent order the graves of their departed friends, by paying the sexton a small annual fee for the purpose, which is often continued after they cease to reside in the parish. Many similar acts could be mentioned to show the interest generally felt by the humbler classes in churchyards; but they have not the means of imparting to them that character which it is so desirable they should possess. This must be given them by the wealthier inhabitants, under the authority and direction of the clergyman and churchwardens, and the natural situation of most

of our country churchyards is admirably adapted to the purpose. We would suggest, then, that they be surrounded by forest trees to shelter them from storms, and to give them a becoming air of seclusion and solemnity. The trees which continue longest in foliage—such as limes, beeches, elms, sycamores—should be preferred. If a churchyard be extremely bleak and exposed, it should be encircled by a belt of evergreen trees. A few trees should be planted within the enclosure when sufficiently spacious; for which purpose the yew, the venerable companion of so many of our old churches, should always be preferred. In soils where the yew will not prosper, a holly, or cedar, or two, may be planted. The custom of garnishing the path to the church with fancy borders of little shrubs and flowers is to be deprecated. Indeed, the churchyard should not in any way be converted into a flower garden or domestic shrubbery. Such indigenous wild flowers and shrubs as might naturally spring up in it may be introduced with good effect; but no exotics from our greenhouses or shrubberies should be planted there. Calculated only to awaken associations with domestic pleasure-grounds, they are inconsistent with the simplicity and sacred character that should ever pervade a Christian cemetery. Such a spot should not betray a studied effect. It should not look as if

it had been tricked out and decorated to give it undue attractions. It should have a quiet and natural appearance. It should be cheerful, but not gay; still and solemn, but not gloomy—a sober, peaceful, natural retreat,—inciting to meditation—tranquillizing to human passion—soothing to Christian sorrow ;—

> "A place where all things mournful meet,
> And yet the sweetest of the sweet!
> The stillest of the still."

Every tree, every flower, every blade of grass, should raise the mind from "nature up to nature's God;" every turfy mound should awaken humbling thoughts of man's sinfulness and mortality; and every inscription should point to the ascended Saviour, who, having conquered death for every man, will ere long call the sleepers from their graves; and then that which was sown in corruption, shall be raised in incorruption; that which was sown in weakness, shall be raised in power; and that which was sown a natural body, shall be raised a spiritual body.

> "How sweet to roam, in calm and pensive mood,
> Where sleep alike the wicked and the good;
> The sacred Fane, with lofty tower or spire,
> Bids our cold souls to brighter worlds aspire!
> The graceful lime-trees on their shadows rest,
> The lingering beams illume the yew's dark vest:

Each stone reminds us that we all must die,
Each text proclaims a world beyond the sky.
A scene like this imparts no idle gloom,
But sheds a ray of glory o'er the tomb."

CHURCHYARD MEMORIALS.

HOWEVER satisfactory a churchyard may appear in other respects, it cannot possess the true character of a Christian cemetery while it contains objectionable memorials. These cannot be regarded as accidental defects, or as the natural consequence of a poor or parsimonious parish. They are manifestations of deliberate choice—the result of spontaneous expenditure. We can adopt what kind of memorial we please. We may be limited as to expense; but the character of a memorial does not depend on its costliness. The humblest headstone and the most elaborate monument may equally evince a good or bad style, a Christian or a Pagan aspect. A sepulchral memorial, unbecoming its situation and object, manifests a defective judgment, or a culpable indifference in the person who erected it.

It will, doubtless, be admitted on all sides that the memorials in a Christian cemetery should exhibit a Christian character. Now churchyards are not only Christian, but Church of England cemeteries. They have been solemnly conse-

crated according to her order, and for her use, and are specially attached to her houses of prayer. Churchyard memorials, therefore, should present not only a Christian, but a Church of England character. Their construction should harmonise with her sacred edifices, and their inscriptions accord with her doctrines. Such harmony between a church and its surrounding cemetery cannot but have a pleasing and salutary effect. It will invest the churchyard with a more sacred character, and render it subsidiary, as far as its nature permits, to the teaching and discipline of the Church.

Let us first consider the style of churchyard monuments, and afterwards their inscription.

The Classic Style.

The style in common use at the present day is that called "Classic." It received this name from being an imitation of the styles in use among the ancient Greeks and Romans.

It is also called the "Italian style," from having been introduced into this kingdom from Italy, where it has always been the prevailing style, even in ecclesiastical architecture. The cathedral of St. Peter, at Rome, is a notable example. This magnificent structure, begun on the removal of the ancient Basilica A.D. 1506, is

elaborately executed in the Classic, or Pagan style; thus unequivocally evincing Rome's architectural taste, and exhibiting a standing memorial of her example to the rest of Christendom—an example which, of course, was soon followed by her dependents and adherents. "The Paganisation of art," says Mr. Scott, "rapidly spread through the Roman Catholic countries on the Continent, where it obtained a firm footing long before it reached our shore, excepting in one or two solitary instances. The earliest works of this class in England are the tomb of King Henry VII. (who died A.D. 1509) and the screen, &c. of King's College Chapel at Cambridge (erected A.D. 1534*), both which are by Italian artists, and are quite free from Gothic detail. Both stand high as works of art, and show that, though the style was quite new in this country, it had been long cultivated in the land from which it was imported." †

It is somewhat remarkable that the architectural style thus introduced into England before the Reformation, should subsequently have con-

* History of Cambridge, published by Harraden in 1814.

† A Plea for the Faithful Restoration of our Ancient Churches, by G. G. Scott, Architect, p. 43—an excellent work on the subject, which ought to be possessed and carefully studied by all persons interested in English ecclesiastical architecture.

tinued in favour with the Reformers and their successors. They faithfully and judiciously cast off the spiritual innovations of Rome, but unfortunately retained her corrupt style of architecture. Indeed, they gradually divested it of the Christian ingredients Romanism had combined with it, and eventually restored it to its purely Pagan original. Consequently our churchyard memorials are commonly constructed in genuine Pagan style. Some are exact models of Pagan altars used for idolatrous sacrifices by the ancient Greeks and Romans. Others are copied from the tombs of Pagans, who were notorious persecutors of the early Christian Church; while not a few are merely small models of Egyptian obelisks or pyramids. Monumental emblems and ornaments are too generally of the same character. The figure of an urn is, perhaps, one of the commonest ornaments on gravestones at the present day. And what is its intended meaning? Is it designed to intimate that the remains of the person there buried were purposely burnt to ashes according to the barbarous practice of those Pagan nations that alone used sepulchral urns? If this be not its design, it ought not to be there, for it is calculated to convey no other idea to an educated beholder.

Several other ornaments and emblems in common use, of an equally Pagan character, will be

noticed hereafter. The mere form of the humblest gravestone, unadorned by any emblem or decoration, is generally sufficient to class it either under Christian or Pagan architecture.

Such memorials, instead of reminding the spectator of Christian verities—instead of inspiring penitential or consolatory reflection—are only calculated to recall to his recollection the superstitious and idolatrous practices of Paganism. And what can be more undesirable than such associations in these Christian enclosures of perishing mortality?

Nor can it be pleaded that the Classic style, or any of those ill-shapen headstones in common use, comport with the architecture of our venerable churches. We have, it is true, a few modern churches in this style; but they stand, like eccentric individuals, remarkable for singularity and inconsistency. England does not possess a single ancient parish church in this style; and St. Paul's, our only Paganised cathedral, is an acknowledged imitation of St. Peter's at Rome.

Thus it appears that Classic architecture, whatever be its intrinsic beauties, is utterly unsuited for churchyard memorials. Its Pagan origin, its adoption at the Papal metropolis, its incongruity with our ecclesiastical architecture, independent of other objections which might be alleged, are

sufficient reasons for discontinuing its use for such purposes.

The Gothic, or Pointed Style.

Gothic architecture is not only free from the above objections, but possesses peculiar recommendations. It may not be easy to decide where this style originated, but certainly it did not at Rome, or in Italy. "In Italy," says Mr. Scott, "Gothic architecture is rarely to be found in a pure form, and is clearly only an exotic imported from northern climes; and in Rome it is hardly to be found at all, excepting in some of the minor fittings of the churches."* This fact sufficiently shows that Gothic architecture did not originate in Italy, and has never been a favourite at Rome.

Neither are we indebted to the Roman church for its present revival. "During the long interval between the fall of pointed architecture and its revival, now going on, it cannot for a moment be said that the Roman Catholic church has treated it as a lost child of her own, or shown any desire for its recovery. So far from this, she has, in the countries where her power has been predominant, absolutely luxuriated in paganised art, often so completely altering the whole interior of ancient churches, that scarce a vestige of their

* Plea for the Restoration of Churches, p. 41.

original design is to be detected amid the gorgeous overlayings of 'classic' ornament; while in England she has been content with square brick buildings of no greater pretensions than a proprietary chapel or an independent meeting; or when, as at Moorfields, large funds were at her disposal, she has expended them on a Grecian building, tricked out internally more like a theatre than a church."* As late as A.D. 1835, a Roman Catholic chapel, a large and costly structure, was built at Loughborough, in Leicestershire, in Rome's favourite paganised style. From these facts it is evident that, if English Romanists have lately shown a preference for Gothic architecture, the cause cannot truly be attributed to their intrinsic love for it. Long before they adopted it, it had been revived by English Protestants in the construction of churches and other edifices, which stand as incontestable witnesses of the fact.

"Towards the close of this century" (the 18th), says Mr. Bloxam, "originated the revival of the study of ancient ecclesiastical architecture, as exemplified in the churches of Tetbury, Gloucestershire, erected A.D. 1781, from the plans of Francis Hirons, an architect of Warwick; of St. Nicholas at Warwick, erected about the same

* Mr. Scott's Plea for the Restoration of Churches, pp. 44, 45.

period, from the designs of the same architect; of Leek Wooton, near Warwick; of East Norton, Leicestershire, erected A.D. 1783; and of Carlton, Northamptonshire, erected A.D. 1788."* These examples, though sufficient to show that the merits of Gothic architecture were beginning to be appreciated, yet, as was almost inevitable from its principles being not yet understood, were but crude and defective attempts to revive it. Remarkable as it may seem, we are chiefly indebted for its present successful revival to the intelligence and scientific labours of a Quaker. The late Mr. Rickman was the first person in modern times who effectually reduced the principles of Gothic architecture to a plain and easy system. The last edition of his work on the subject, though of course containing some deficiencies, is so lucid and well-digested a treatise, that it is still, and is likely to continue, one of the best standard works on ecclesiastical architecture.

The account of his progress in the study is curious and interesting. Struck with a sense of the beauties of Gothic architecture, and its peculiar fitness for ecclesiastical purposes, he ventured, about the beginning of the present century, to construct churches, sepulchral monuments, and other edifices according to the principles of

* Bloxam's Principles of Gothic Architecture, sixth edition, p. 285.

the long-repudiated "Gothic style." His structures were approved and admired. "He received flattering communications from several eminent prelates, and from various other distinguished personages."* He was thus encouraged to proceed, and, "though nearly forty years have now passed over since he first published his system, in the form of lectures to crowded audiences at the Literary Institution at Liverpool; and, though he lived to issue four editions of his work, each adding fresh examples in support of his views, yet no one has been able to correct any material point of his system, and it is surprising to notice how very little information has really been added to the mass which he collected with such extraordinary diligence."† The above was written in 1846, so that now more than forty years have passed since the delivery of the lectures referred to, and, early in the present century, Mr. Rickman had designed and executed both churches and monuments in Gothic style, thus successfully recovering it from the unjust degradation to which a pagan 'classic taste' had consigned it for three centuries.

These few particulars respecting Gothic architecture are sufficient to show that it possesses

* His own Advertisement to the fourth edition of his work on the Styles of Architecture.

† Archæological Journal for 1846, vol. iii. p. 380.

peculiar claims to our attention. It commends itself to us as Englishmen, as Protestants, as Churchmen. It is the style of our churches, and should therefore be the style of our churchyard memorials. If these monuments were thus constructed, they would not only harmonise with one another, but with the architecture of our venerable churches, and so effect that general harmony between the church and churchyard which should be diligently aimed at. Considerable variety, of course, would still exist in the size, form, embellishments, and costliness, of the several memorials. But whether of the humblest or of the most costly description, whether designed with the simplest detail or profusely embellished, all alike would present some general characteristics proving them to belong to one common species. And this variety, so far from deteriorating their effect, would impart fresh interest to each, and increase the beauty of the general harmony.

EMBELLISHMENT.

THE unlimited variety of ornamentation of which Gothic architecture admits is a further recommendation to its use in the construction of sepulchral memorials. This advantage, however, has its accompanying danger; for since it admits of every description of symbolic and decorative ornament, without materially affecting the principal design, objectionable as well as desirable embellishment may be easily introduced. A few hints, therefore, on the subject are here offered, chiefly by way of caution. We will first speak of simple decoration, and afterward of symbolism.

Decorative Ornament.

The use of ornament, invariably requiring a chastened and refined judgment, especially needs it when the tomb is the object to be adorned.

A bad taste—the love of finery and display—can never appear more contemptible and dis-

gusting than over the grave of perishing mortality. A sepulchral memorial, however simple and unadorned, will offend no one; but if decorated with bad taste, or overloaded with ornament, it will be a repulsive object to every person of correct judgment.

The ornaments of some modern memorials give them a fantastic and ridiculous appearance. A cherub's head, with puffed cheeks and outspread wings, formed by one continuous line of clever flourishing, adorns the upper part of the memorial, while the inscription, written in letters of various shape and character, is also embellished with a profusion of unmeaning flourishes.

Such specimens of *ornamental penmanship* may be necessary in the writing-master's copy-book, but are utterly unbecoming the gravity of sepulchral memorials. On the same principle gaudy colouring ought to be excluded. Yet the undiscriminating mania for mediæval taste commends the one and condemns the other.

A tomb, the receptacle of man's perishing remains, should not be tricked out with gorgeously emblazoned ornaments or illuminated letters, which give it a gaudy and flaunting appearance, perfectly inconsistent with its real nature and purpose. However brightened by the resurrection of our Lord, and robbed of its terrors to the true Christian, the grave is still a solemn object.

It ought to awaken in every breast serious and humiliating reflection. It reminds us of our fallen nature; it admonishes us of our own sinfulness; it warns us of the shortness of mortal life; it convinces us of the perishable nature of the body. To the Christian, indeed, it has a bright as well as a dark aspect—it awakens thankfulness and elevating aspirations as well as humiliation and self-condemnation. Still it is no object to be viewed lightly or thoughtlessly, but with seriousness and solemnity. It ought not then to be decked out in gorgeous tinsel—in gay and glaring colours—as if intended to hold a conspicuous place among the pomps and vanities of the world. A Christian mourner, however reconciled to his bereavement, will turn from such a tomb with disgust. It will appear to him a mockery of his grief.

These remarks are not intended to condemn or depreciate the judicious use of ornamental sculpture. If designed and executed with good taste, however elaborate and elegant, it will still preserve that chaste and sober appearance which should ever pervade all and every part of sepulchral memorials.

The beautiful foliated tracery and ornamental sculpture, which adorn so many of our venerable churches, supply abundant examples; but the only safe course for an ordinary workman is, not

to introduce ornaments into memorials on his own responsibility, but to copy exactly the designs of experienced architects.

Symbolic Ornament.

The early Christians appear generally to have used symbols and emblems on their sepulchral monuments. This practice, commencing in an age of persecution, probably originated in the desire to commemorate the faith of the deceased, yet fearing to do this openly, lest his tomb should be violated by the persecuting heathen. By adopting conventional symbols the desired information could be conveyed to their fellow Christians, while the uninitiated Pagan would regard them as merely ornamental devices, or at least remain ignorant of their real meaning. The symbol most extensively used by them was the figure of a fish, or the Greek word ἰχθυς. This would be perfectly unintelligible to the Pagan, while the Christian would discern in it the initial letters of the words Ιησους Χριστος Θεου υιος, Σωτηρ—"Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour."

Emblems and symbols were also extensively used in England during the mediæval ages, and, though the practice led to serious abuses, it was doubtless found a useful and effective mode of

imparting knowledge and instruction at a period when very few, even among the upper classes, were able to read or write.

Neither of these motives for the use of symbolism now exists. Christians have nothing to fear from commemorating the faith of their departed friends; and most persons are able to read printed inscriptions, whereas very few have any knowledge of symbolism. Although it need not be altogether discarded, it should be sparingly and cautiously used; for various objectionable emblems and devices have been introduced into the composition of both ancient and modern monuments, among which the following instances may be specified:—

1. Those of a Pagan character—as urns; broken columns; pyramids; funereal and inverted torches; Cupids weeping or blowing trumpets; branches of cypress,* &c.—which are all emblems of Pagan superstitions, or copied from Pagan sculpture.

2. Those of a Popish character—as representations of Romish saints; emblematic allusions to Romish legends and doctrines;† representations

* The early Christians rejected the use of cypress at funerals, as being a Pagan symbol of dejection.—*Riddle*, p. 758.

† See the Oxford Manual of Monumental Brasses, p. xlvi.

of the incomprehensible Trinity; the Virgin Mary crowned as Queen of Heaven, or represented as nursing our Lord, still an infant under her control; grotesque and hideous creatures, compounded of man and beast; dragons; griffins; fabulous serpents, &c.—these all originated in Popery, and should be carefully excluded from Christian memorials.

3. Emblems of perishing mortality—as skeletons; emaciated bodies; skulls; cross-bones; bleeding hearts; coffins, &c. The representation of a coffin, whether designed as an accessory, or constituting the entire monument, equally comes within this class of objectionable emblems. The mock stone coffins, recently introduced as churchyard monuments, are not only repulsive to the sight, but seem designed to revive the Romish errors which first caused the receptacles of the dead to be placed above ground.

These emblems of perishing mortality are objectionable, not only as repulsive objects, but as excluding all recognition of the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul.

The following symbolic ornaments may be considered as unobjectionable:—

The cross, figured in a variety of forms, has been in general use among Christians, as a symbol of faith, from the earliest ages of Christianity;*

* Tertullian, about A.D. 200, speaks of the cross as a

it is still the sign used at the sacrament of Baptism by our Reformed Church, which has carefully discarded all emblems and devices peculiar to Popery; and the continuance of its use is not only considered lawful but desirable by some of our most able and venerated divines. "The solemnest vow," says Hooker, "that we ever made to obey Christ, and to suffer willingly all reproaches for his sake, was made in baptism, and, amongst other memorials to keep us mindful of that vow, we cannot think that the sign which our new baptized foreheads did then receive is either unfit or unforcible." * The common objections to the use of this sign in baptism are so fully and satisfactorily answered in the 30th Canon of 1604, that Dr. Reynolds, a Puritan leader at the Hampton Court Conference, on reading it declared, "he would never gainsay that ceremony any more." † Its use as a mere symbolic ornament, unconnected with any devotional service, seems not even liable to those objections made to the ceremonial sign in baptism. The word cross is repeatedly used in Scripture in a metaphorical sense, and, if the word may be so

common symbol among Christians.—Riddle's *Antiquities*, p. 119.

* Ecclesiastical Polity, book v. paragraph 65.

† Book of Common Prayer, printed by the Ecclesiastical History Society, vol. ii. p. 1304.

used, why not the figure? Cassander, a German Reformer highly esteemed by some of our own leading Reformers, thus advocates the symbolic use of the cross: "As the word cross in the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles mystically signifies the passion, death, and the triumph of Christ, and the afflictions of the saints; so also by the figure of the cross they intended all these things to be set forth, as it were, by a mystic symbol, and infixed in men's minds; wherefore they (the Lutheran Reformers) made a great distinction between the figure or representation of the cross, and all other images." *

As this symbol of our faith originated in the first age of Christianity, is sanctioned by our Reformed Church, and is even defended by Lutheran Protestants; as it is so appropriate and significant a symbol, and its meaning so manifest and full of import, it commends itself to us as the most proper and desirable of all symbols for churchyard monuments. Its appearance on a tomb not only indicates that the deceased departed in the faith in which he was baptized, but sets forth to the beholder the ground of the Christian's confidence, and the nature of his calling, speaking to the eye of that daily bearing of the cross without which no man can be a true disciple of our blessed Redeemer.

* The Zurich Letters, Second Series, p. 43.

The sacred monogram I.H.S., still frequently used about our churches, may, with equal propriety, be introduced on churchyard monuments.

A mitre or crozier for a bishop, a chalice for a priest, and such other ecclesiastical symbols as strictly apply to the ministerial orders of our Reformed Church, can scarcely be considered objectionable.

Official and professional symbols, of a Protestant character, may also be used for the laity. Armorial insignia, where they have been borne in life, should also be continued as usual on sepulchral monuments. They may be of infinite importance for historical and genealogical purposes, and, when they have been commonly used during life, cannot have the appearance of ostentation.

EXAMPLES
OF
CHURCHYARD MEMORIALS.

THE illustrations given in this section may serve as practical designs for the smaller kinds of memorial. But in most cases, and especially if a costly and elaborate tomb be required, a special design should be obtained for the purpose from an experienced architect, who will furnish proper sectional drawings, without which no ordinary workman should attempt to execute such a monument.

Wooden Memorials.

The most simple and inexpensive memorials are those made of oak, examples of which are given (Nos. 1 and 2).

For these designs the stem and arms of the cross should be 4 inches square, framed together with pins, mortising the stem into the transverse bar. The height of the cross from the ground should be 3 ft. 6 in.; the entire height, including the portion in the ground, should be about 6 feet.

Fig. 1.

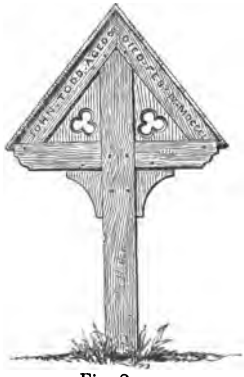


Fig. 2.

In the example No. 2, the spandrels should be 1½ in. thick, and the trefoils pierced and chamfered.

One of these oak memorials will cost from 20*s.* to 30*s.* They admit of a short inscription, which may be painted in black or dark grey letters. Their appearance is far superior to that of *grave-rails*, and, if occasionally varnished to preserve them from the effects of the weather, they will be equally durable.

Headstones, in Stone and Slate.

Headstones may be executed in Gothic style, with an endless variety of design, and therefore the same example should not be too frequently followed.

In all the examples here given—Nos. III. IV. V. VI. VII. VIII. IX.—the symbol of the cross

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

appears, but this is not essential to this kind of memorial. It admits of various designs in Gothic

style without it. These headstones should be from 3 to 4 feet high from the ground; about

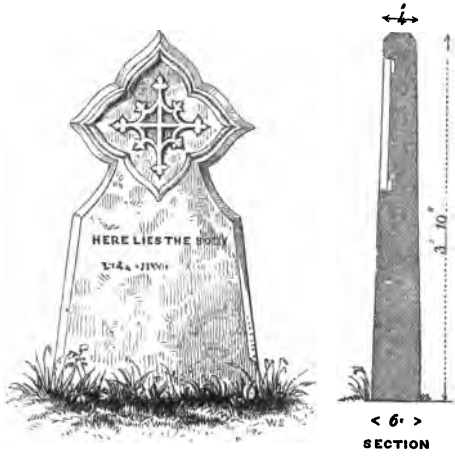


Fig. 5.

2 feet wide; and 4 inches thick. No. III. is a simple design, the ornamental work being merely incised—not pierced. It may be varied, if desired, by working on the face a bead one inch in diameter. In districts where stone is scarce and expensive, this example, and also No. IV., may be executed in slate;—in both cases the enrichment being incised. The lettering on slate should be darkened with black paint—on stone it may either be black or dark grey. A stone monument should never be painted white—if

painted at all, it should be the natural colour of the stone.

Fig. 6.

Headstones executed according to the examples here given will cost from 2*l.* to 6*l.*

Examples Nos. IX. and X. have an ornamented *body-stone*, or horizontal stone covering the grave. The *body-stone* should be well coped; the shaft of the cross forms its ridge, and extends from end to end. Thus constructed it answers the same purpose as the heavy curved stone in common use, without its clumsy and unsightly appearance.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

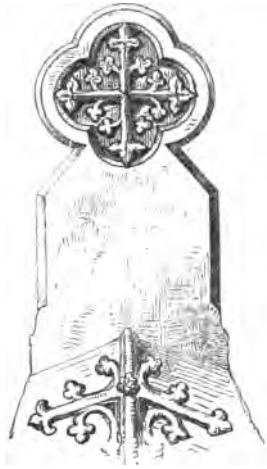


Fig. 9.

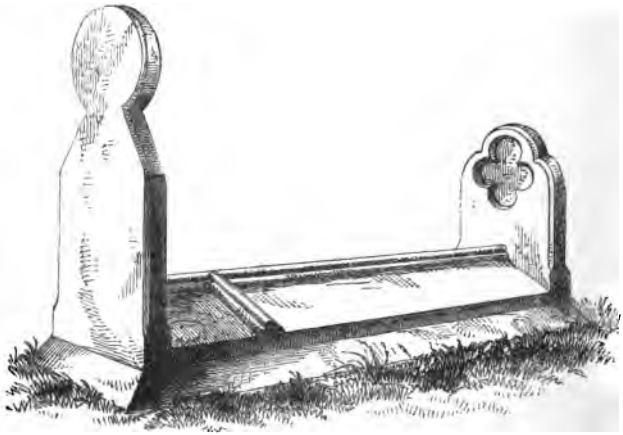
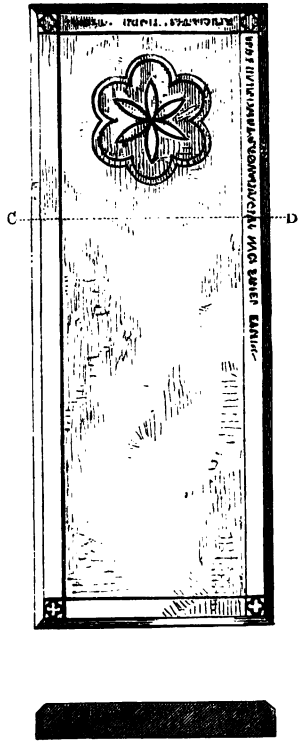


Fig. 10.

Flat Slabs.

Flat rectangular slabs, for placing over graves or vaults, may be formed of marble, stone, or slate, and vary considerably in dimensions.



SECTION ON LINE. C . D

Fig. 11.

The slab should be 4 or 6 inches thick, and the ornamental devices either incised or in low

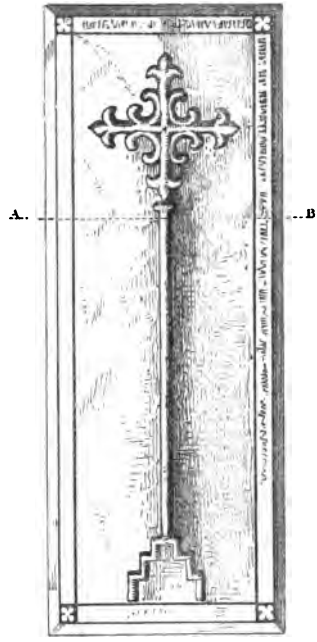


Fig. 12.

relief; the latter method is preferable. A border inscription, as in examples XI. and XII., should form a surrounding margin, which may be ornamented at the corners with armorial shields or other devices. Inscriptions may also be engraved on the vacant spaces within the border, so that one slab may serve as a memorial for several members of a family.

Coped Tombs.

Coped tombs, Nos. XIII. XIV. XV., are handsome and becoming monuments for churchyards—perhaps more so than any other kind of memorial. Their horizontal position accords with the recumbent state of the persons buried beneath them, and gives a pleasing idea of repose, while their coped or slanted form well adapts them for external monuments. The dimensions of an ordinary coped tomb are 6 ft. 6 in. long; 2 ft. 2 in. wide, and 9 in. high at the head; and 1 ft. 5 in. wide, and 7 in. high at the foot; the plinth 6 in. high. The inscription may be cut on the side of the tomb, as in No. XIV., or be engraved on the top of the coped slab, as in No. XIII. The foot of the tomb should, of course, point eastward. The cost would be about 10*l.* or 12*l.* if not elaborately ornamented.

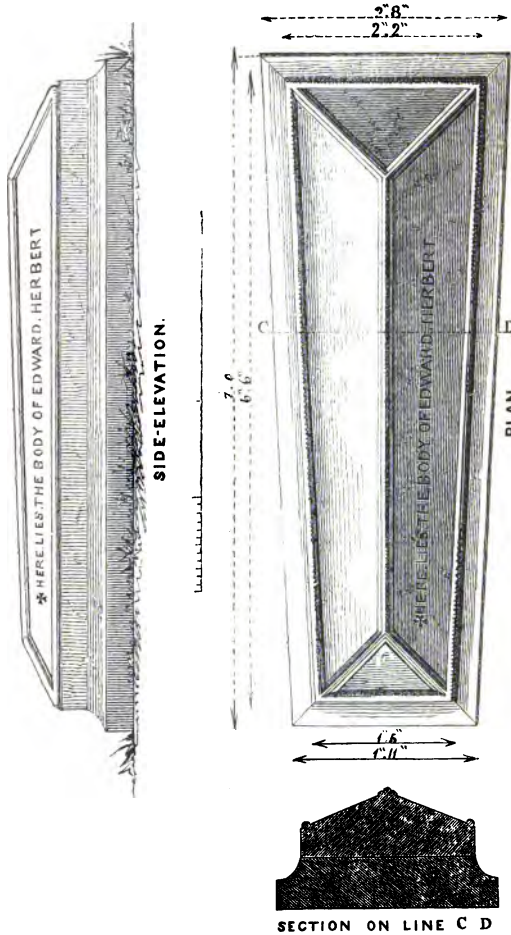

HERE LIES THE BODY OF EDWARD HERBERT
SIDE-ELEVATION.
2'8"
2'2"
C
D
HERE LIES THE BODY OF EDWARD HERBERT
PLAN
1'6"
1'11"
SECTION ON LINE C D

Fig. 13.

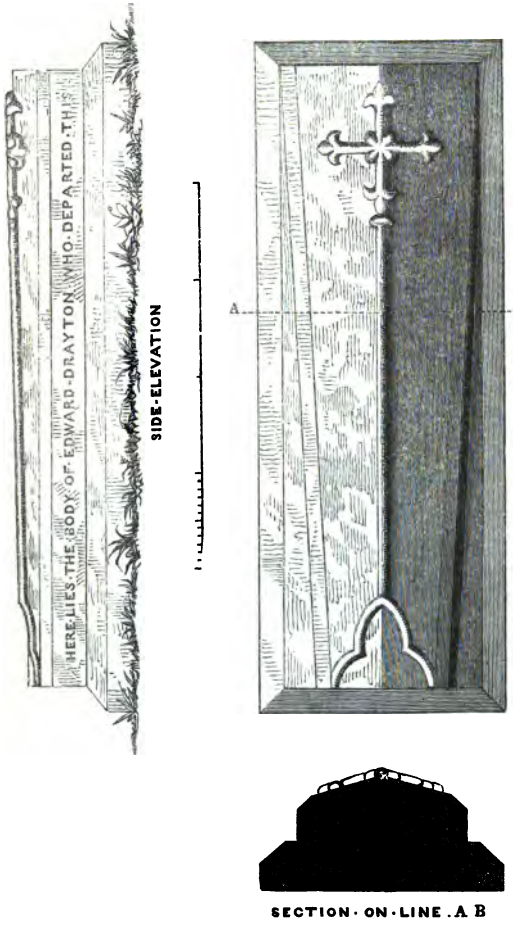

HERE LIES THE BODY OF EDWARD DRAYTON WHO DEPARTED THIS
SIDE ELEVATION
A
B
PLAN.
SECTION ON LINE A B

Fig. 14.

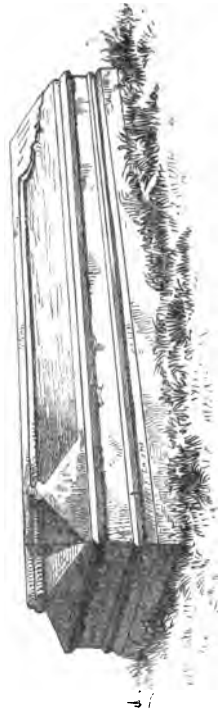


Fig. 15.

Altar Tombs.

Altar, or table tombs, are the most costly of churchyard monuments. They admit of great variety of design, and may be enriched with a

profusion of ornamental devices, without appearing overloaded with embellishment. They should be about 3 feet high, and well weathered at the

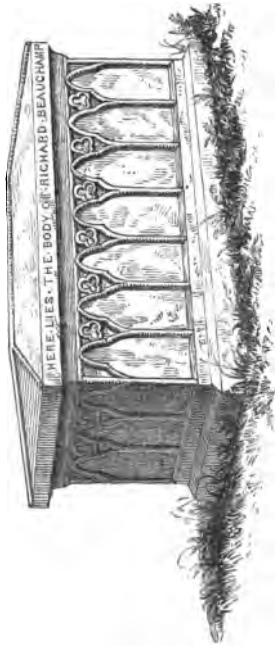


Fig. 16.

top. The example No. XVI. is remarkable for its simplicity and elegance. The panels might contain inscriptions, or be enriched with armorial shields or other decoration sculptured in *basso-relievo*. The cost of an altar tomb would

be from 20*l.* to 50*l.*: but neither coped nor altar tombs should be executed without proper instructions from an architect.

Nos. VI. VII. VIII. IX. X. and XV. are from designs by G. G. Scott, Esq., 20, Spring Gardens, London; Nos. I. II. III. IV. V. XI. XII. XIII. XIV. and XVI., all drawn to a scale of half an inch to a foot, are by W. Slater, Esq., 40, Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, London.

INSCRIPTIONS.

THE sepulchral inscriptions of the early Christians are remarkable for simplicity and tenderness, as exemplified in the following instances taken from Dr. Maitland's "Church in the Catacombs:"

"Virginius remained but a short time with us."

"Zoticus, laid here to sleep."

"Gemella sleeps in peace."

"Primitius in peace: a most valiant martyr after many torments, aged 38. His wife raised this to her dearest, well-deserving husband."

"Petronia, a priest's Wife, the type of modesty.
"In this place I lay my bones; spare your tears, dear husband and daughter, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God.
"Buried in peace on the 3rd nones of October, in the Consulate of Festus." (A.D. 472.)

The existing epitaphs on English Christians who died before the Norman Conquest were probably written after that event. In the thir-

teenth and early part of the fourteenth century the prevailing form appears to have been

"SIRE ——— GIST ICI
DIEU DE SA ALME EIT MERCY."

From the middle of the fourteenth to the latter part of the fifteenth century the prevailing form appears to have been, "Hic jacet Dñs ——— cujus anime propicietur Deus, Amen." Or, beginning with "Orate pro anima," and concluding as before. This inscription generally formed a border round the margin of the tomb, or slab; and scrolls and labels began to be added to the usual inscription in the fourteenth century.

Although such was the prevailing style from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, yet inscriptions widely varying from it are by no means uncommon. Allusion to Pagan deities and heroes is often found on early monuments, as in the following instances—

On Richard De Clare, Earl of Gloucester, 1262.

"Hic pudor Hippoliti, Paridis gena, sensus Ulissis,
Æneæ pietas, Hectoris ira, jacet."

Thus translated in Weever—*

"Chaste Hippolite, and Paris fair, Ulysses wise and slie,
Æneas kind, fierce Hector, here jointly entombed lye."

* Funeral Monuments, p. 323.

On William Earl Marshall, died A.D. 1219.

"Sum quem Saturnum sibi sensit Hibernia, Solem Anglia, Mercurium Normannia, Gallia Martem." *

On the monument of Edward the Black Prince, who died A. D. 1376, besides an inscription stating his birth and titles, there is a poetical epitaph of twenty-eight lines in Norman French.

An epitaph of twenty Latin lines was inscribed on the slab over Archbishop Courtney's grave in Maidstone church; and on the tomb of Avery Cornburgh and wife, dated A. D. 1480, in Romford church, the epitaph in English verse, exclusive of other inscriptions, consisted of fifty-seven lines.

Some inscriptions merely describe the martial courage, the worldly honours, the courtly bearing, the professional calling, or the family connexion of the deceased. Punning epitaphs were very common, as the following on a priest, probably named Biss, or Twice—

"Bis fuit hic natus, puer et bis, bis juvenisque,
Bis vir, bisque senex, bis doctor, bisque sacerdos."

Occasionally the sporting habits of the deceased were the subject of commemoration, as in the following epitaph on Thomas Frowick, Esq., of South Mimms, who died A. D. 1448—

* Matthew Paris, p. 256.

" Qui jacet hic stratus Thomas Frowick vocitatus,
Moribus, et natu, victu, gestu, moderatu,
Vir generosus erat, generosaque gesta colebat.
Nam quod amare solent generosi, plusque frequentant,
Aucupium volucrum, venaticumque ferarum,
Multum dilexit vulpes foveis spoliavit,
Ax Taxos* caveis; breviter quecunque propinquis
Intulerant dampna, pro posse fugaverat ipsa:
Inter eos etiam si litis cerneret unquam
Accendi faculas, medians extinxerat ipsas,
Fecerat et pacem. Cur nunc pacis sibi pausam
Det Deus et requiem, que semper permanet. Amen.'

In English.

" Outstretched in earth here Thomas Frowick lies,
Who once enjoyed those blessings wealth supplies;
His courteous manners and his graceful mien,
His well-ruled house, where plenteous store was seen,
And all his deeds displayed his gentle birth,
And like a gentleman he lived on earth;
What gentlemen oft love, and oft pursue,
Was his employment and his pleasure too;
Wild beasts to hunt, to urge his falcon's flight,
And ravage foxes, was his great delight;
Thus waging war against such beasts of prey,
He killed them all, or drove them far away;
But if his neighbours e'er at strife became,
His mediation quenched the angry flame.
Wherefore may God now give this man so blest
The peace and requiem of eternal rest."

These were singular qualities to commemorate on a sepulchral monument; yet this epitaph was

* Badgers.

not composed by a thoughtless layman, but by John Wethamsted, the venerable Abbot of St. Alban's.*

The case becomes worse when we consider the tendency of the doctrine of purgatory. The inscriptions represent the deceased, whether ecclesiastics or laics, and however piously they may have lived, as suffering severe torment, and yet unable even to pray for themselves, though prayer might lessen the duration of their punishment. Such inscriptions as the following abound in the fifteenth century.

> "For the love of Jesu pray for me,
> I may not pray now, pray ye
> That my peynes lessy'd may be,
> With on Pater Noster and on Ave."†

Death was thus made dreadful even to true Christians. Their sepulchral inscriptions often contain the most piteous entreaties for the prayers of the reader, and various expedients were resorted to to engage his intercession. One inscription informs us that a charity has been founded by the deceased to secure prayers and masses for his soul; another says a sum of money has been left for the same purpose; another reminds the parishioners that an organ, or some other article, was given to the church, and that they are bound in gratitude to pray for

* Weever, p. 592. † Ibid., p. 286.

him; another entreats the reader to pray as he would wish himself to be prayed for in his turn; another tries to interest his service by declaring the wonderful efficacy of repeating a few forms of prayer for the souls of the faithful, as in the following instance:—"The pardon for saying of 6 Paternosters, 6 Aves, and a Creed, is 26 thousand years, and 26 days of pardon." *

After the Reformation such Romish superstition was, of course, discarded from sepulchral memorials, but in other respects little or no improvement occurred. Occasionally a modest Christian inscription may exist as in this instance—

"Here lies the body of William Green, Esq., who died quietly and Christianly, the 6th of June, 16—, in the 68th year of his age, lamented by his Widdow and three Daughters, and missed by all who conversed with him, especially by his poor neighbours." †

Such a memorial has a tendency to inculcate and encourage Christian virtue, but few such are to be found.

Whoever seeks for indications of Christian humility and devotedness among the memorials of past times, whether before or after the Reformation, will be painfully surprised at their

* Inscription on the brass of Roger Legh, in the Chapel of St. Michael's, Macclesfield.

† Chancy's Herts, vol. ii. p. 380.

scarcity. He may meet with high encomiums on the talents, the worldly honours, and social virtures of the deceased; he may read laboured portraitures of more perfect characters than fallen men can ever attain to; he may acquire much useful genealogical and antiquarian information; he may collect many witty conceits of punsters and humourists;—but he will find little to touch and improve his heart—little to awaken spiritual and heavenly aspirations—little to excite devotion to his Almighty Creator, and his adorable Redeemer. To seek for Christian incitements from such memorials is too frequently only seeking the living among the dead.

Of the tens of thousands of epitaphs that exist in our country, a few only possess a Christian character; the majority are such as should not have been admitted into our Christian cemeteries. This is a serious consideration. An epitaph, when it contains more than a simple record of the deceased, is not an insignificant writing to be treated with contempt or indifference. It is a permanent lesson for good or for evil;—a constant teacher of truth or of error. The preacher in the house of God can only occasionally instruct his hearers; too often his words are soon forgotten; and after a short time his instructions cease for ever. But these "sermons in stones" are perpetually teaching

from generation to generation. Every visitor of the churchyard may read them again and again, and thus their sentiments become incorporated with the thoughts and feelings of many a one who reads them.

We will conclude these remarks by suggesting some of the requisites in a Christian epitaph.

1. It should be scriptural. It should either consist of an appropriate passage from Holy Writ, or convey the import of one in other language. The fall and redemption of man; death and the resurrection of the body; the judgment to come; Heaven and Hell; the justice and goodness of God; the peace and comfort of Christian graces in this life, and their blessed results in the next; the misery of sin here, and the certain punishment of impenitence and unbelief hereafter—appear to be suitable subjects, and intimately connected with sepulchral commemoration.

2. Care must be taken to avoid two opposite errors. The one, prayer for the dead; the other regarding death as if it were the final judgment. "The souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity;" and this state is called in Scripture, heaven, paradise, "to be with Christ," &c.; yet they will not receive their complete happiness—their "crown of righteousness" till

the appearing of our Lord and Saviour, who will raise their bodies from the grave, and then, and not till then, they will have their "perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in his eternal and everlasting glory."

When, therefore, we speak of the departed as gone to Heaven, we allude only to their souls. But while we thus distinguish between the present state of departed Christians, and their more perfect happiness after the resurrection of their bodies, we must not forget that death seals the doom of every man. His soul either goes with Lazarus into Abraham's bosom, or with "the rich man" into a place of torment—it is either in "joy and felicity," with "the spirits of just men made perfect," or, with the fallen angels, is "delivered into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment." An epitaph, therefore, should carefully avoid prayer for the departed, expressed or implied. However apparently innocently prayer for the dead may begin, its natural development has been fearfully exemplified in the church of Rome.

3. An epitaph should be natural. It is designed to express the feelings of some person or persons deeply interested in the individual commemorated. It should not, therefore, be an exhortation, as from an indifferent person, to the friends of the deceased. It may, indeed, assume

the character of a voice from the tomb. It may be expressed as if the mouldering body of the deceased, or his soul from the world beyond the grave, were addressing his living friends, or the stranger visiting his tomb. In this case "he admonishes," says Wordsworth, "with the voice of one experienced in the vanity of those affections which are confined to earthly objects, and gives a verdict like a superior being performing the office of a judge, who has no temptations to mislead him, and whose decision cannot but be dispassionate." But it is more natural, and therefore preferable, for an epitaph to express the feelings of surviving friends. The relatives of the deceased, moved by affectionate sorrow, would thus interest others in one who was so dear to themselves; or the recipients of the kindness or benevolence of the deceased, influenced by esteem and gratitude, pay this deserved tribute to his memory. An epitaph, inscribed under such circumstances, if a cold, artificial composition, would at once strike every reader as unnatural, and would fail to engage his interest. Resignation and calmness are to be expected in a Christian epitaph, but coldness and studied effect are perfectly inconsistent with sepulchral commemoration.

4. It should be adapted for a standing memorial. Though plainly indicative of the tender

feelings of the bereaved, yet this should not constitute its whole characteristic. It is designed to meet the eye of every wanderer in the churchyard, and should therefore be calculated to interest his attention. By containing some monitory lesson, naturally drawn from the life or death of the person commemorated, it should offer encouragement to the faithful Christian, and awaken the thoughtless to serious reflection.

5. It should be plain and simple. This will be best given in the beautiful language of Wordsworth—"An epitaph is not a proud writing shut up for the studious; it is exposed to all, to the wise and the most ignorant; it is condescending, perspicuous, and lovingly solicits regard: its story and admonitions are brief, that the thoughtless, the busy, and indolent may not be deterred nor the impatient tired: the stooping old man cons the engraven record like a second horn-book;—the child is proud that he can read it;—and the stranger is introduced by its mediation to the company of a friend: it is concerning all, and for all:—in the churchyard it is open to the day; the sun looks down upon the stone, and the rains of heaven beat against it."

If these suggestions were followed, epitaphs would no longer disgrace our churchyards, but

invest them with more general interest, and become an effective and a popular medium of conveying religious instruction and improvement.

So far, therefore, from desiring to check this favourite mode of sepulchral commemoration, we would rather see it even more extensively practised, but always under the guidance and authority of the parochial clergy.

EPITAPHS.

MANY of the following epitaphs will be found too long for use, but they may easily be shortened, and the others altered to suit individual cases. Those marked with an asterisk * were given by the authors for this Collection.

Infancy.

1.

While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept; for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me that he may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me. 2 Sam. xii. 22, 23.

2.

He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom. Isaiah xl. 11.

3.

Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Matt. xviii. 3.

4.

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Mark x. 14.

5.

It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish. Matt. xviii. 14.

An heir of God through Christ. Galatians iv. 7.

6.

Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy He saved us by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost. Titus iii. 5.

7.

As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. 1 Corinthians xv. 22.

8.

*E'en cold in death he wore the cherub smile,
That oft could all a parent's cares beguile;
You might have deemed him in such placid rest,
Just sunk to slumber on his mother's breast!
Delightful thought! sweet Babe, that smile may be
Token of vision bright vouchsafed to thee,
When thy young spirit saw the angels come
To guide it to its everlasting home!
While weeping Parents watched thy parting breath
A Saviour's love had ta'en the sting from death.

REV. J. EVANS.

9.

Our child is now a child of bliss!
Why should we weep for joy like this?

10.

I look around, and see
The evil ways of men;
And, O beloved child,
I'm more than reconcil'd
To thy departure, then.

11.

God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

12.

To us for *fourteen* anxious months,
His infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth,
And went to live in heaven.

13.

Whate'er befals his brethren here,
His joy can never cease;
Their lot may be distress and fear,
But his is certain peace.

14.

Come to my grave, that God to bless,
Who to my happy soul has given
More than a mother's tenderness—
A Saviour's love, a home in heaven.

15.

O if a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Will she not have for pains and fears,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
For day of woe, for watchful night,
An over-payment of delight?

16.

I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And precious as thou art,

E'en as the dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
Cleansed by the blood of Him the undefiled,
And thou shalt be his child.

17.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being, seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
Thou blest departed one!
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn, and passed away.

18.

From earth to heaven removed ere care began,
He knew no sin but that of fallen man;
Death has no sting for one who dies so young;
Reader! repent, since thou hast lived so long.

19.

Yes, thou art fled, and saints a welcome sing;
Thine infant spirit soars on angels' wing.
Our blind affection might have wished thy stay,
God's wiser love has called his child away:
Called thee from earth to tread on holier ground,
Like Samuel early in the Temple found.
O! more than Samuel blest, to thee 'tis given
The God he served on earth to serve in heaven.

20.

Thus early wafted from her house of clay,
Our lovely Infant took her homeward way;
We dare not, if we could, recall her flight,
To share again with us corruption's might:
Be now our hopes more firmly fixed above,
That we may follow to that land of love.

21.

God forbade his longer stay,
God recalled the precious loan;
God hath taken him away
From my bosom to his own;
Surely what God wills is best,
Happy in his will I rest.

22.

* For infant beauty sorrowing Parents mourn;
Affliction whispers he will not return;
But Christian hope, exulting o'er despair,
Tells them young children are the Saviour's care,
And points to heavenly scenes—O may they meet him there.

W. W. E.

23.

All cleansed from earth's polluting leaven,
Their souls from sin and woe are free,
Through Him who oped the way to heaven,—
The thought is happiness to me.

24.

She scarcely knew the winter's breath,
Sheltered beneath the Almighty wing;
And though she felt the stroke of death,
Blessed Babe! she never felt the sting.†

25.

Here sweetly sleep awhile, blessed Babe! thy sun
In haste has set, thy race of suffering done;
Thou hast not fought, but thou hast won the prize,
Hast never borne the cross, yet gained the skies.
Though guilt was thine, of Adam's guilty race,
Yet such the Father's love, the Saviour's grace,
That thou art clothed in righteousness divine,
Peace, pardon, life, and endless joys are thine.

† From 'Lyra Memorialis.'

26.

Sweet Babe, she listened for awhile to hear
Our earthly griefs, then turned her ear
To angels' harps and songs, and cried
To join their heavenly notes, and died.

27.

E'en the fondest Mother's eye,
Raised in faith to realms above,
May in each event descry—
E'en in this!—the hand of love.

28.

Here side by side our Infants lie!
Nor sickness frets, nor death alarms—
The loved ones of the Shepherd's eye,
The lambs He carries in his arms!
We weep—yet angels seem to say,
Who would see heaven must be as they.*

29.

Bold Infidelity! turn pale and die;
Beneath this stone an Infant's relics lie;
Say, is it lost or saved?
If death 's by sin, it sinned, because it 's here;
If heaven 's by works, in heaven it can't appear;
Reason, oh, how depraved!
Revere the Bible's sacred page, the knot 's untied:
It died, for Adam sinned; it lives, for Jesus died!

30.

We lay our infant here to rest,
We know 'tis well—nay, more—'tis best;
When we our pilgrim path have trod,
Oh! may we find him with our God.

* From 'Lyra Memorialis.'

31.

Life's embittered cup just tasting,
Short thy passage to the tomb;
From a world of sorrow hasting
To a bright, eternal home.

32.

Fare thee well, thou lovely stranger!
Guardian angels! take your charge;
Freed at once from pain and danger,
Happy spirit set at large.

33.

Short pain, short grief, dear Babe, was thine;
Now, joys eternal and divine.

34.

No power hadst thou to shed one contrite tear,
One duteous act perform, or lisp one prayer;
But not in vain thy life. Thou hast not sown,
Yet the rich harvest reapest as thy own:
The Father's love has turned thy night to day,
The Saviour's blood hath washed thy guilt away.

35.

Weep not, my Mother, weep not, I am blest,
But must leave heaven if I come to thee;
For I am where the weary are at rest,
And the wicked cease from troubling.—Come to me.

36.

"Who plucked my choicest flower?" the gardener cried;
"The Master did," a well-known voice replied;
"'Tis well! they all are His," the gardener said,
And meekly bowed his reverential head.

Childhood.

37.

Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well. 2 Kings iv. 26.

38.

The only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. Luke vii. 12, 13.

39.

All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away. 1 Peter i. 24.

[*For additional texts on Childhood see those on Infancy.*]

40.

All now is silent; groans are fled;
Our child lies still, yet is not dead;
But rather, like a flower hid here,
To spring again another year.

41.

To call me Father, none is left,
The hopes so cherished now are flown;
Of all the joys I am bereft,
Which in a child I might have known.
Yet all rejoicing is not gone,
For comfort through the cloud I see,
Because the child that I bemoan
Is found of God, though lost to me.

42.

O if the birthday of a life like ours,
In this dark world of trouble and unrest,
Be hailed with gratulations, gifts, and flowers,
Should not thine entrance on a life so blest
E'en as a sacred jubilee be kept,
And not a tear, but tears of joy, be wept?

43.

* Farewell, lov'd child! thy parents' cherished care,
Thou couldst not linger in this world's chill air;
'Tis mercy calls! with angèls wing thy way,
Amid our tears we dare not bid thee stay.

44.

Shall we with hopeless sorrow sigh,
That thou, dear child, from us wert torn?
Shall we lament that thou didst die
To woe, and now to bliss art born?
Ah, no! we praise Him who did take
Thy soul to heaven for Jesus' sake.

45.

How well repaid our anxious care!
Our highest hope was not in vain;
In answer to our daily prayer,
Our child is born again.

46.

Why do ye weep? say, can it be
That I am now for ever free
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain?
Oh, I shall never weep again;
Shall never feel, shall never know,
E'en half my parents' load of woe.

47.

Thou cherished one! dear, happy child,
Soon was thy little voyage o'er;
Scarce launched upon this ocean wild,
Ere thou hast reached the heavenly shore.

48.

Dear to their parents! to their God more dear,
Two little brothers sweetly slumber here;
Blest is their state, from sin and danger free,
To us they died; they live, O Lord, with thee.

49.

Lord, teach me to confide with thee
The treasure thou didst trust with me.

50.

Dear mother! weep not; tears will hide
My glory from thy view;
If thou hadst taught me guile or pride,
Then tears of blood were due!
But thy fond lips spoke truths divine;
Rejoice that now their meed is mine.

51.

We leave him in his churchyard bed,
No earthly cares shall break his rest;
Let the world mourn their children dead,
We think of ours as with the blest.

52.

The struggle's o'er! our selfish murmurs cease,
'Tis sweet to trust his spirit lives in peace;
'Tis sweet to hope our sins through Christ forgiven,
We soon may join him in the courts of heaven.

53.

Let unbelief despond or frown,
To see so fair a flower cut down;
Faith still will raise the trustful eye,
'Mid sorrow's tears, to yonder sky,
And on this firm assurance dwell,
"The Saviour lives!" all, all is well.

54.

Lord, if thou break earth's fetters off
To set our spirits free,
Thou in thyself art bliss enough,
If we but live to thee.

55.

Sent but to gladden and to grieve:—
(Oh, thus our mourning hearts rebel!)
Why sent? why taken? we believe
Our child, when next we meet, shall tell.*

Youth.

56.

Man, that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down. Job xiv. 1, 2.

57.

What is your life? It is even as a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. St. James iv. 14.

* From 'Lyra Memorialis.'

58.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more. Psalm ciii. 15, 16.

59.

And Jesus said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. St. Luke vii. 14, 15.

60.

And Jesus called, saying, Maid, arise! and her spirit came again, and she arose straightway. St. Luke viii. 54, 55.

61.

Ye, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
See me, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

62.

In early life he wisely sought his God,
And bore with reverence his chastising rod;
He loved the church, on Christ alone relied,
And, cheered by faith, in hope and comfort died.

63.

On the tree of life eternal,
O let all your hopes be laid;
That alone, for ever vernal,
Bears sweet flowers that will not fade.

64.

The Sun of Righteousness his radiance threw,
And kept the dial of his brief life true.

65.

So kind, so young, so gentle, so sincere,
So loved, so early lost, may claim a tear!
Yet wherefore mourn? the life resumed by heaven
Doubtless fulfilled the end for which 'twas given.

66.

From infancy to blooming youth she grew,
As from the bud the flower expands to view;
When He, who best knows how his own to save,
Resumed in love the boon his mercy gave.

67.

She sleeps! who once was beauty, once was grace,
Grace that with tenderness, with sense combined
In that sweet harmony of soul and face
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
Her parents weep—respect the hallowed tear!
Weeping, they bow beneath the chastening rod;
Their love bemoans a child upon the bier,
Their faith resigns her to a gracious God.

68.

Quickened by Christ, to him she lived on earth,
Evincing thus her new and heavenly birth;
O glorious end to her short life below,
To live with Christ secure from sin and woe.

69.

If humble trust in the Redeemer's love
Had early trained him for a home above,
Could he too soon escape a world of sin?
Or could celestial life too soon begin?
Why should we then his early death deplore?
No earthly trial shall disturb him more.

70.

Marked from his birth, and nurtured for the skies,
In youth with more than learning's wisdom wise;
By mortal suffering now no more opprest,
We trust his spirit is with Christ at rest;
While we—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
Pour forth parental sorrow o'er his tomb.

71.

* Know'st thou how soon an early doom may call
Thy body to the grave? thy soul away
To heaven or hell? And canst thou trifle all
Thy little hour till death's decisive day?
Taught by this early tomb thy soul to prize,
O seek the promised Spirit from on high;
Till led by Him to see, with faithful eyes,
In Christ 't is peace to live, and gain to die.

72.

Awhile the thorny path of life she trod,
Then meekly closed her eyes, and saw her God.

73.

O seize the swift, the passing hour,
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life 's a short summer, man a flower,
So soon he fades away and dies.

74.

* Tender in age, but strong in faith,
She looked above, and feared not death.

75.

By grace, which God to all who ask will give,
He learned to die ere thousands learn to live;
Reader! reflect, repent, believe, amend!
Time has no length, eternity no end.

76.

Do health and beauty, from a spirit glad,
Glow in thy cheek and sparkle in thine eye?
Rejoice with trembling, for this maiden had
Small cause as thou to think that she should die.
If with her fate her hopes by thee are shared,
No death is early to a soul prepared.†

[*For Epitaphs on the period between Youth and Old Age, see those on Parents, Husbands and Wives, and Miscellaneous.*]

Old Age.

77.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. Psalm xc. 10.

78.

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness. Proverbs xvi. 31.

79.

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Proverbs ix. 18.

80.

* While on earth, with head so hoary,
Dying mortals called me old;
Yet my life was but a story,
Short and evil, quickly told:
After death life ceaseth never,
Heaven and hell endure for ever.—K.

† From 'Lyra Memorialis.'

81.

As fall the leaves 'neath autumn's withering blast,
So die mankind, their spring and summer past;
Yes, *thou*, ere long, must lie beneath the sod,
Then, young or old, "Prepare to meet thy God."

J. E.

82.

In every furrow years had ploughed,
New and immortal hopes were sown;
Till with their weight the ripe ears bowed,
And angels gathered in their own.†

83.

* E'en as he died a smile was on his face,
And in that smile affection loved to trace
A cheerful trust in Jesus' power to save—
An aged pilgrim's triumph o'er the grave.

J. E.

84.

* A crown of glory is the hoary head
Found in the heavenward path the righteous tread;
If found in sin, how fearful the amount
Of vengeance treasured for the last account!

K.

85.

* 'Mid toil and peril he life's journey trod,
Yet walked securely, for he walked with God;
Trusting to Christ his steps he strove to trace,
And grew each year in knowledge and in grace.
A crown of glory was his hoary head,
Which round his path a holy radiance shed;
Life's latest struggle cheerfully he passed,
Unwearied still, unflinching to the last.

K.

† From 'Lyra Memorialis.'

86.

* Few and short have been the moments
Of my threescore years and ten;
But a cloud, a breath, a vapour,
Is the longest life of men.
Countless years are now before me,
Length of ages without end;
Happy years with Thee, my Saviour,
Thee, my earliest, latest friend.

J. A. F.

87.

* I have reached the utmost borders
Of man's pilgrimage on earth;
Hear my solemn dying witness!
'From the earliest hour of birth,
To life's solemn dying moment,
Nothing can true peace impart
But sure trust in Christ our Saviour,
With a faithful contrite heart.'

J. A. F.

Parents.

88.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. Psalm xxvii. 10.

God is the helper of the fatherless. Psalm x. 14.

A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation. Psalm lxviii. 5.

89.

The Lord relieveth the fatherless. Psalm cxlvi. 9.
We are orphans and fatherless. Lamentations v. 3.

90.

Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me. Jer. xlix. 2.

We are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers. 1 Chronicles xxix. 15.

91.

* Forget thee? never! to the latest breath
We shall remember thy calm bed of death:
What humble trust! what holy hope! what joy!
'Mid dying pangs could every thought employ!
Yes; in that moment thou didst seem to be
At peace with God, and God at peace with thee!

J. E.

92.

(*On a youthful Mother.*)

A Daughter, Wife, and Mother sleeps below,
How many ties were severed at one blow!
Wives, Daughters, Mothers, all ye mortals see
How scant the term of human life may be!
Live a true life, and death in vain will call,
Who lives in Jesus shall not die at all.

93.

O Father of the fatherless,
Best Comforter in deep distress;
When will thy heavenly kingdom come,
And all thy children be brought home?

94.

Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
We commit our Parents' dust;
Hold it safely, calmly sleeping,
Till our Lord demands thy trust.

95.

His word, on which our hopes rely,
Immortal consolation gives;
Our heavenly Father cannot die,
Our best of Friends for ever lives.
In Him we place our steadfast trust,
On His almighty arm recline;
When earthly comforts sink in dust,
He can give blessings more divine.

96.

The Parent's lips, when God is nigh,
As life draws near its end,
Trustful, may say, 'Behold, I die!
But God shall be your Friend.'

97.

What though afflicted children grieve and sigh,
That one so loved and so revered should die;
Calm resignation clasps the Saviour's cross,
And mourns, but does not murmur at the loss.
Here may her sacred dust repose in peace,
Till that great day when time itself shall cease;
Her spirit fled, with this, her only plea,
'The Saviour lived, the Saviour died for me!'

98.

We grieve, honoured Parents, with deepest of sorrow,
Yet not as the faithless who hopelessly weep;
From God's holy Word consolation we borrow
For those who in Jesus confidingly sleep.

99.

* Honoured and loved, and full of days,
We laid thee in the silent earth;
And here this humble stone we raise
A tribute to a Parent's worth.

Yet o'er thy tomb the mourner's tear
Was not in hopeless sorrow shed;
We know that Jesus shall appear,
And the dark grave give up its dead. J. E.

100.

We grieve; but weep as those should weep
Whose hope is stronger than their sorrow;
To-night our honoured Parents sleep,
But they shall wake refreshed to-morrow.
We shall not long lament them here,
Our home is in a brighter sphere.

101.

O Thou, whose mercy is so great,
Whose love is unconfin'd,
Still guard with thy paternal care
The Babes I leave behind.

102.

The Mother's voice we used to hear—
Alas! too often heard in vain;
Her anxious words of hope and fear
Will never reach our ears again;
Oh! may we weigh with solemn thought
The holy counsel which she gave,
Now to the heart more deeply brought
As here we sorrow o'er her gave.

103.

Dear honoured Parents, we must trust
Your precious bodies to the tomb;
Here, in the churchyard's hallowed dust,
Sleep calmly through night's transient gloom.

So

So Jesus slept. God's only Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed;
Sleep, as He slept, till from His throne
Be heard the call, 'Awake, ye dead!'

Husbands and Wives.

104.

The Lord doth execute the judgment of the fatherless and widow. Deut. x. 18.

105.

The Lord will destroy the house of the proud; but He will establish the border of the widow. Proverbs xv. 25.

106.

Now she that is a widow indeed, and desolate, trusteth in God, and continueth in supplications and prayers night and day. 1 Timothy v. 5.

107.

Thus sayeth the Lord, Let thy widows trust in me. Jeremiah xlix. 11.

108.

A prudent wife is from the Lord. Proverbs xix. 14.

109.

Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Proverbs xxxi. 28.

110.

Still, Lord, to thee the voice of praise
Shall spring adoring from my breast;
For, though I tread life's weary ways,
I trust that he I mourn is blest.

111.

Why mourn, my soul, thy partner fled
O'er the dark river of the dead,
To Canaan's happy shore?
Rather anticipate the day
When God shall summon thee away,
To meet and part no more.

112.

Thou art gone to the grave, but 't were wrong to deplore thee,
For God was thy ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting since the Saviour has died.

113.

* All gracious God! thy will be done,
'T was thou that didst the blessing lend;
And, though withdrawn, I'm not alone,
Thou art the Widow's faithful friend.—K.

114.

Farewell! farewell! yet not a long adieu,
For I, if faithful, soon may be with you
In blissful regions, where no sin, no pain,
Nor parting pangs shall sunder us again.

115.

Each moment since her dying hour,
My loss I keenly feel;
But trust I feel the Saviour's power
To sanctify and heal.

116.

O Lord, though, like a faded leaf
That's severed from its parent tree,
I struggle down life's stormy tide,
Yet am I still upheld by Thee.

117.

Let no sepulchral boast exalt my fame,
Or tell of virtues which adorned the wife,
Jesus, alone in thy dear saving name
The weary sinner finds eternal life;
Thy sacrifice my sole atoning plea,
Thy merits, Lord, alone shall speak for me.

118.

A tender mother and a virtuous wife,
Here sleeps in humble hope of better life,
By side of him she loved and cherished well;
We leave the judgment-day the rest to tell. †

119.

Lord, she was thine, and not my own,
Thou hast not done me wrong;
I thank thee for the precious loan
Afforded me so long.

120.

Once the blest partner of thine earthly love,
I yield thee to a dearer Friend above;
On Him I rest who all my woe can feel,
And trust the hand which gave the blow to heal.

121.

Husband, farewell! 't is thou must rear
Our Babes in God's most holy fear;
O teach their infant lips to pray,
And guide them in the narrow way;
So may we meet, renewed, forgiven—
No wanderer lost—a family in heaven.

† From 'Things after Death.'

122.

So lately wedded, and so early taken,
Yet have I comfort in my heavy loss;
Neither in life nor death are they forsaken
Who look to Him that died upon the cross.†

123.

A lover of the Church, and constant guest
At his Redeemer's table, here has rest;
His sorrowing Partner dedicates this stone,
Trusting her reverent hope to Christ alone.†

124.

Submissive to thy will, my God,
To Thee my partner I resign;
And humbly bow before Thy rod,
I mourn, but dare not to repine.

125.

Lord! teach me to confide to Thee
The treasure Thou didst trust with me.

Christian Pastors.

126.

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever. Daniel xii. 3.

127.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Matthew xxv. 21.

† From 'Things after Death.'

128.

Remember them which have had the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. Hebrews xiii. 7, 8.

129.

I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase. 1 Corinthians iii. 6.

130.

Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. 1 Corinthians iii. 11.

131.

He being dead yet speaketh. Hebrews xi. 4.

132.

The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise. Proverbs xi. 30.

133.

A faithful and wise steward, whom his Lord made ruler over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season. Luke xii. 42.

134.

He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins. James v. 20.

135.

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

True

True to his duty, prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd, through Christ, to heaven, and led the way.

136.

The Pastor's voice we loved to hear,
But often heard, alas! in vain,
In hallowed words of praise and prayer,
Will never bless our ear again:
O Saviour, from thy holy hill
Regard our wants, and hear our cry;
Thou art our guide and shepherd still,
Though earthly Pastors fail and die.

137.

Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

138.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

139.

Though earthly shepherds sleep in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye be closed in death,
And mute the faithful tongue;
The Heavenly Shepherd ever lives
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his word
Still animates our heart.

140.

The world gave him no honour—none he sought,
For nobler object all his deeds were wrought;
To one great aim his heart and hopes were given,
To serve his God, and gather souls to Heaven.

141.

The Church deplores, friends weep, and saints regret,
But know, though dead, to each 'he speaketh yet.'*

Missionaries.

142.

By faith, when he was called to go out, he obeyed and went out, not knowing whither he went. Hebrews xi. 8.

143.

Truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned; but now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city. Hebrews xi. 15, 16.

144.

Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Matthew xxviii. 19.

145.

And He said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. Mark xvi. 15.

* From 'Lyra Memorialis.'

146.

How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard; and how shall they hear without a preacher? Romans xii. 14.

147.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace! Isaiah lii. 7.

148.

Then shall He send his angels, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the uttermost part of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven. Mark xiii. 27.

149.

And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God. Luke xiii. 29.

150.

Blest messenger of peace! he faithful bore
Salvation's tidings to the darkened shore,
'Mid toil and danger o'er the distant wave;
Fought the good fight, immortal souls to save,
Far from his home and those he held most dear,
In Christian warfare closed his brief career.

151.

Afar he sleeps! the ocean's roar
Disturbs his calm repose no more.
What though the rich banana-tree
Waves where the elm or yew should be;
What though the hymn above him sung
Breathes wildly in a foreign tongue;
What though no voice of home was near
To soothe with love his dying ear;

Not

Not friendless did the Pastor die,
Though far from scenes of infancy;
For He who did with Mary weep,
Watched by his couch, and soothed to sleep.
We murmur not: the day draws on
When all the hidden shall be known.
Oh! lonely though his earthly lot,
His trusting spirit fainted not.
Lord, he is thine—thrice happy one—
The fight well fought—the victory won!
Yes, he is thine: his exile o'er,
He 'll leave his Father's house no more.

152.

Ah! no: it matters not, that far away
From Albion's peaceful shore his bones decay.
Him it might please, by whose sustaining hand
He bore the Gospel to that heathen land,
Succeeding tribes should come, and o'er the place,
Where sleeps the Christian Friend of their wild race,
Instruct their children what a debt they owe
To him whose relics lie entombed below,
Then bid them to their native woods depart,
With heaven-born prospects kindled in their heart.

153.

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious 'hiding-place;'
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
The Christian finds the same repose:
What though thy kindred's graves may be
Far from the mound that covers thee,
Yet thine is still that blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

154.

He loved his friends and fatherland,
Yet left them for a foreign strand,
Ready to suffer, toil, and die,
That his might be the calling high
To plant among the heathen race
A Christian Church, a seed of grace.
No English face, well-known and dear,
Was there, the Pastor's home to cheer;
No English voice was near to share
With kindred tones his dying prayer;
But heathen speech. The Negro came
His blessing and his prayer to claim.
His work was done.—The seed was sown,
From which a goodly tree has grown.
Now oft the Negro loves to lave
With grateful tears his honoured grave.

Parish Clerks and Sextons.

155.

I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. Psalm lxxxiv. 10.

156.

Well done, thou good servant; because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities. Luke xix. 17.

157.

He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much. Luke xv. 10.

158.

Here rests a man who was in his degree,
What humble servants of the Church should be;
Reverent at heart, and pious, sober, grave;
We trust he sleeps in Him who died to save.†

159.

He served with faithfulness in humble sphere,
As one who could his talent well employ;
We trust when Christ the Lord shall re-appear,
He will be bidden to his Master's joy.†

160.

* His place on earth no more shall know
Him whose remains are laid below;
His voice no more will your's declare,
Your joint assent to praise and prayer.
When call'd to hear God's Holy word,
To praise and pray with one accord,
May God to you his grace impart
To praise and pray with all your heart!

J. E.

161.

* For others oft he dug the grave,
For others toll'd the bell;
Each act a solemn warning gave
Of his own passing knell.
But common warnings we are prone
To pass unheeded by—
Reader, 'tis Christ, and Christ alone,
Gives grace to live and die.

H. L.

† From 'Things after Death.'

162.

* He loved the sacred house of prayer,
And tended it with reverent care;
In worship took his humble part
With mien devout and serious heart;
He tolled the bell, and dug the grave,
With thought of Him who died to save.
'Tis now, we trust, his blest employ
To praise the Lamb with endless joy.

K.

Military and Naval Men.

163.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still; then are they glad because they be quiet, so He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Psalm cxii. 29, 30.

164.

Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. Ephesians vi. 11.

165.

Take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Ephesians vi. 17.

166.

Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called. 1 Tim. vi. 12.

167.

Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. 2 Tim. ii. 3.

168.

Happy is the soldier who, having faithfully served his country, can truly say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." 2 Tim. iv. 7.

169.

'Mid battle's din and ocean's strife,
For strength, for skill, for mercy known,
Ardent to save another's life,
Yet greatly daring of his own.
But he hath won a brighter meed
Than noblest deeds of arms e'er gave,
A higher title none can plead—
Behold, a Christian warrior's grave!

170.

Though he a Soldier's glorious death could boast,
While shouts of triumph met his dying ear,
His higher warfare in a nobler host
Shall gain in better worlds rewards more dear.†

171.

(*Old Epitaph from Waddesdon, Bucks.*)

When I was young in wars I shed my blood
Both for my King and for my country's good;
In later years 'twas my chief care to be
Soldier to Him who shed his blood for me.

172.

(*Altered by J. E.*)

* A soldier's duty bids him shed his blood
And brave all danger for his country's good;
Christian! remember thou hast vowed to be
Faithful to Him who shed his blood for thee.

† From 'Lyra Memorialis.'

173.

Stay, stranger! if thy breast has known the glow,
The manly, honest glow of patriot fame!
Pause here, and weep. The man who sleeps below
Was once a Briton, and deserved the name:
Yet wherefore weep? From earth though early torn,
E'en 'mid the radiance of his noontide sun,
By Christian grace, that did his life adorn,
His fight is ended, and the victory won.

174.

* Faith was his compass, Truth his polar star,
As o'er the main he boldly sailed afar;
We trust he now hath gained that happy shore
Where tempests rage and billows beat no more.

175.

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
O Thou, who once toss'd by the tempest and billow,
To save the distressed didst arise from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the sailor still cherish
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

[*For additional Epitaphs on Sailors see those on The Lost at Sea.*]

Servants.

176.

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it. Proverbs x. 22.

177.

Better is the poor that walketh in his uprightness, than he that is perverse in his ways, though he be rich. Proverbs xxviii. 6.

178.

An idle soul shall suffer hunger. Proverbs xix. 15.

179.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Proverbs xxxi. 30.

180.

He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much. Luke xvi. 10.

181.

Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart. Ephesians vi. 6.

182.

Be not deceived; evil communications corrupt good manners. 1 Cor. xv. 33.

183.

It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful. 1 Cor. iv. 2.

184.

Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. St. Matthew xxv. 23.

185.

Not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved. Philemon 16.

186.

She lived a servant, truthful, just, and kind,
And gave obedience all her willing mind;

Grateful for service long, and proud to own,
Her friend and master has inscribed this stone.†

187.

One who chose the better part—
Humble, answering not again,
Doing service from the heart,
As to Christ, and not to men.‡

189.

Rest, valued servant, rest in hope! we knew
Thy solid worth, thy imperfections too,
But not thy trials.—Well does it befal
That He who shall requite thee knoweth all.‡

190.

* Industrious, faithful, and discreet,
Although his master was not nigh,
For well he knew each act would meet
His heavenly Lord's all-seeing eye.
No earthly service now to tend,
From worldly cares for e'er removed;
His sorrowing master calls him Friend—
A Friend, a Brother, well-beloved.

K.

191.

This humble stone records no titled fame,
But better far—a Christian servant's name.

192.

* Faithful to her earthly master,
Honest, diligent, and true;
"All things unto Christ," her motto,
"This He gave to me to do."

J. A. F.

---

† From 'Lyra Memorialis.'
‡ From 'Things After Death.'

193.

* Well done, good and faithful servant,
Shall her heavenly Master say,
Take thy place among my angels,
Who shall serve me night and day.
J. A. F.

Sudden Death.

194.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Proverbs xxvii. 1.

195.

Watch: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. Matthew xxiv. 42.

196.

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? it is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. James iv. 14.

197.

Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh. Matthew xxiv. 44.

198.

Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation. 2 Corinthians vi. 2.

199.

It matters little at what hour of day
The righteous falls asleep. Death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven;
The briefer life, the earlier immortality.

200.

Warned by his sudden fate, learn Heaven to prize,
To Christ the only hope for sinners flee;
Death, in one awful moment, closed his eyes,
As sudden, Reader! may thy summons be.

201.

* His sudden summons speaks aloud to all;
Be ye, too, ready for the Master's call;
Be found in Christ, and calm resign your breath,
For His true servants there's no sting in death.
J. E.

202.

Oh! let my sudden doom
A warning be to all;
E'en while thou bendest o'er my tomb
Thou may'st as quickly fall.

203.

Hasten mercy to implore,
Wait not for to-morrow's sun,
Lest thy day of grace be o'er
Ere to-morrow is begun.

204.

"To-morrow, I will sure repent!"
Poor mortal, dost thou say?
To-night thy summons may be sent—
Repent! believe! to-day.

205.

Like blooming flowers frail mortals stand,
Fresh in the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.

206.

Hasten, sinner, to be wise,
Wait not for to-morrow's sun,
That to thee may never rise,
Morn may see thy soul undone.

207.

How many has the morn beheld to rise
In their youth's prime, as glorious as the sun,
Who, like a flower cropt, have had their eyes
Closed up by death, before the day was done!

208.

All earthly comforts vanish thus,
So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment taken be.

After lingering Illness or severe Suffering.

209.

All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies. Psalm xxv. 10.

210.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Psalm xxvii. 13.

211.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles. Psalm xxxiv. 17.

212.

I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because THOU didst it. Psalm xxxix. 9.

213.

Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law. Psalm xciv. 12.

214.

All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. Romans viii. 28.

215.

The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. Romans viii. 18.

216.

We are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world. 1 Corinthians xi. 32.

217.

Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. 2 Corinthians iv. 17, 18.

219.

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. Hebrews xii. 6.

220.

* Chastened from birth, and nurtured for above,
He bore his cross with patience, faith, and love;
Now past his sufferings, all his trials o'er,
How sweet that cross he here so meekly bore!

K.

221.

* Whate'er the cross, in mercy given
To lead to Christ and train for Heaven,
If meekly borne with faith and prayer,
It ends in joys beyond compare.

K.

222.

Humbly we hope that death to him was gain,
To whom God's mercy through his blessed Son
Gave gracious strength through long continued pain,
Meekly to trust, and say, "Thy will be done!" †

223.

Christian, one of low degree
Rests him here from life of labour;
One that feared his God was he—
Kind and faithful to his neighbour.
Keenly tried; with resignation
Silently he kissed the rod:
Deem not that his lowly station
Made him poor in sight of God. †

224.

* Severe affliction, kindly sent in love,
Led him to Christ, and trained him for above;
The end now seen, how short, how light appear
The longest sufferings he experienced here!

K.

225.

Short was his life, yet God's all-wise decrees,
Which made that shortened life one long disease,
Chastened in love, and kindly gave him scope
And grace to practise patience, faith, and hope.

† From 'Things After Death.'

226.

Happy the sorrow, healthful the disease,
That brings repentant sinners to their knees,
And the last hour on earth true Christians know
Gives final victory o'er every foe.*

227.

How oft I deemed unmeasured and severe
The weight of sorrow which oppressed me here!
But I had lost, as thousands more confess,
A weight of glory, had one grief been less.*

228.

No cross, no crown,—no loss, no gain;
They first must suffer who would reign.*

The Deaf, Blind, Dumb, &c.

229.

Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or seeing, or the blind? have not I, the Lord? Exodus iv. 11.

230.

The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down; the Lord loveth the righteous. Psalm cxlvi. 8.

231.

In that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book, and the eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity, and out of darkness. Isaiah xxix. 18.

* From 'Lyra Memorialis.'

232.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing. Isaiah xxxv. 6.

233.

The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. Matthew xi. 5.

234.

He hath done all things well; He maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak. Mark vii. 37.

235.

Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed. John xx. 29.

236.

No voice, no sound on earth was mine,
  Yet sadder far their hapless lot
Who hear in vain the voice divine,
  Whose tongue can speak, yet praises not;
For I had learned that holiest lore
  Which tells of mercy freely won,
And my freed lips above shall pour
  The praise in silence here begun.

237.

Humbly he sought the house of praise and prayer,
  Though deeply quenched in him all hearing sense;
Hope that the patient mind which led him there
  Bespoke a faith his Lord may recompense.*

* From 'Things After Death.'

238.

* No earthly object met her view,
All charms of vision were withheld,
Yet God's blest word of peace she knew,
And heavenly joys by faith beheld.
They who but earthly sights can see
Are more unblest, more blind than she.

K.

239.

This life is a feverish dream!
His eyes were but closed for the night,
At the dawn of eternity's beam
He would wake into transport and light.
What wonders that hour would unfold!
What glories around him would blaze!
His eyes would his Saviour behold,
And for ever rejoice in his rays.

240.

* To church each Sabbath duly led,
He lost all thought of blindness there;
He marked each word the Pastor said,
And joined with heart in praise and prayer;
And He who erst oft cured the blind
Gave vision to his faithful mind.
How many who now think they see
Will stand condemned by such as he!

K.

241.

Long from the joyousness of sight
Shut out, a mercy all-divine
Vouchsafed a ray of inward light,
Upon her lowly path to shine;
Hence, led by faith, with patient mind,
She journeyed to an end serene;

As

As one who sought in time to find
A joy that eye hath never seen.*

242.

He knew not letters; but in faith employed,
God's house and Sabbaths had supplied the void;
Ye wise and learned, see that ye possess
As fair a hope of tasting blessedness.*

243.

E'en from his birth infirm in frame and limb,
The strength to labour was unknown to him;
And death perforce with welcome summons came
To one of patient mind and sickly frame.
Lord, may his trials in the judgment prove
That earthly trials were but signs of love.*

244.

Poor guileless thing! forgot by men;
This grave alone reminds of thee,
Thy life a blank to mortal ken,
But faith another lot can see;
For what a burst of mind shall glow,
When summoned from this lowly sod!
Thou, who on earth could'st nothing know,
Shalt wake to comprehend a God.

245.

Christian, pause! there sleeps below
One whom Heaven's severest blow
Had deprived of moral sense—
Of his reason's strong defence.
Yet for him the pitying tear
Is not needed. Rather fear

* From 'Things After Death.'

For

For the lot that may be theirs
Who are mad with worldly cares;
Or who quench the light within
By the drunkard's fearful sin.
Take this lesson while you may,
Sad, but wiser, go thy way! *

Accidental Death.

246.

Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. Job xiii. 15.

247.

We went through fire, and through water; but Thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place. Psalm lxvi. 12.

248.

Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered: Fear not therefore. Luke xii. 7.

249.

Those eighteen, upon whom the tower of Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Luke xiii. 4, 5.

250.

If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them *that believe*. Mark xvi. 18.

* From 'Things After Death.'

251.

Thou, whom the elements obey,
Art ever strong to save;
On Thee our feeble frames we stay
To guard us from the grave;
Yet as our Saviour, be Thou near,
And death itself we will not fear.

252.

Mark the brief story of a summer's day!
At noon, in youth and health they launched away;
Ere eve, death wrecked the bark, and quenched their light;
The Parents' home was desolate at night:
Each passed alone that gulph no eye can see;
They met, next moment, in eternity!
Friend, kinsman, stranger, dost thou ask me where?
Seek God's right hand, and hope to find them there.

253.

* In all thou doest, where'er thou art,
Death ready stands to strike thy heart:
But if thy sins have been forgiven,
That blow shall speed thy soul to heaven.

K.

254.

* The heavens above, the earth beneath;
Fire, water, cold and heat,
At God's behest are charged with death,
To fell us at his feet.
But if the Saviour be thy Friend,
It little heeds how life may end.

K.

255.

* No time for thought, no moment for a prayer,
So sudden was the spirit's violent flight;
As set his sun no warning cloud was there,
Yet brightest day was turned to blackest night.
Reader! as hasty may thy summons be!
Hear from this tomb the solemn call "Prepare:"
Make Christ thy Friend, and when death comes to thee,
He brings no pang of terror or of care.

J. A. F.

256.

* In the midst of life we stand
On the borders of the grave;
Be it spoken, "Cut him down!"
Then no human power can save.
Only each fresh hour of life
For thy death prepared be,
Speedy death will be the door
Of a speedy life to thee.

J. A. F.

257.

Though countless are the accidents on earth
Which kill the body, none can kill the soul;
Think, Reader, of thy soul's immortal birth,
And seek to Christ for grace to make it whole.†

258.

A fearful accident, in youth and strength
Cut short his life.—How well that a career
Approvable of God lies not in length
Of days, but in His holy faith and fear!
Walk so—and, whether slow or sudden end
Come late or early, Christ will be thy friend.†

† From 'Things After Death.'

Violent Death.

259.

And he said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. Gen. iv. 10.

260.

Thou shalt not kill. Exodus xx. 13.

242.

Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul, but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. St. Matt. x. 28.

243.

And he cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep. Acts vii. 60.

261.

Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him. 1 John iii. 15.

262.

* Alas! the cruelty of human strife,
That man should e'er destroy his brother's life,
Hurry his soul to meet its last account,
And load his own with guilt of dread amount.
K.

263.

* Be thou, O God, we daily pray,
Our guard by night, our guide by day!
To Thee the darksome lonely night
Is clear as is the morning light;
Thou slumber'st not—thy care can keep
From every ill "our curtained sleep;"

Trusting to Thee we need not dread,
Lest murder should invade our bed:—
Yet should it be Thy holy will
Some treach'rous hand our blood should spill,
Father! e'en thus "Thy will be done"—
We plead the blood of thy dear Son;
If found in Him, by grace divine,
Living or dead we still are thine!

J. E.

264.

* The victim of the murd'rer's blade
Beneath a gory corse was laid;
His soul, we trust, to realms has flown
Where theft and murder are unknown.
O God! the murderer forgive;
Bid him repent, believe and live!

K.

The Lost at Sea.

265.

Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known. Psalm lxxvii. 19.

266.

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee. Isaiah xliii. 2.

267.

The waters compassed me about, even to my soul; the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head; yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord, my God. Jonah ii. 5, 6.

268.

When he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me! And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him. Matthew xiv. 30, 31.

269.

Then shall He send his angels, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the uttermost part of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven. Mark xiii. 27.

270.

And the sea gave up the dead which were in it. Rev. xx. 13.

271.

Far, far he lies from holy ground,
Deep in his coral bed,
The sea-weeds wrap his corse around,
The waves roll o'er his head;
Yet at the trumpet's awful sound,
When seas give up their dead,
The glorious bodies of the just
Shall leave corruption, and the dust.†

272.

* Roll on, thou boisterous ocean, heave and roar,
He calmly sleeps within thy depths profound;
Yet brief thy triumph! him thou must restore,
But thou shalt vanish and no more be found:
A mighty voice shall speak thy fountains dry,
And bid him rise to immortality.

K.

† Altered from 'Lyra Memorialis.'

273.

No mortal eye hath seen his bed,
Nor yet conceived where rests his head;
But one there is who sees his tomb
Low hidden in the ocean's womb.
There shall he lie in peaceful rest,
Till, called from thence at God's behest,
He shall from ocean's depths arise
To meet the Saviour in the skies;
For faith was his, and hope, and love,
That linked him to the realms above.

274.

Prepare to meet them on that blissful shore,
Where storms shall beat and billows swell no more—
Heaven calls, hope leads, and faith triumphant saves,
Through Him who hushed the storm and walked the waves.

275.

* Ask not the region of his watery grave,
Where rests his body in its last long sleep?
He sank engulphed in ocean's yawning wave,
And lowly lies far hidden in the deep;
Yet he had anchored safe 'within the veil,'
Through faith in Him whose promise cannot fail.

K.

Eminent Christians.

276.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his. Numbers xxiii. 10.

277.

Behold, my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high. Job xvi. 19.

278.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. Job xix. 25, 26.

279.

God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for He shall receive me. Psalm xlix. 15.

280.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. Psalm cxvi. 15.

281.

A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children. Proverbs xiii. 22.

282.

The righteous hath hope in his death. Proverbs xiv. 32.

283.

I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death. Hosea xiii. 14.

284.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? 1 Corinthians xv. 55.

285.

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. xv. 57.

286.

We look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto himself. Phil. iii. 20, 21.

287.

We believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. 1 Thess. iv. 14.

288.

Our Lord Jesus Christ died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him. 1 Thess. v. 9, 10.

289.

I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. 2 Tim. i. 12.

290.

Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. Tit. ii. 13.

291.

There remaineth a rest for the people of God. Heb. ix. 27.

292.

We, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. 2 Pet. iii. 13.

293.

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them. Rev. xiv. 13.

294.

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. Rev. xxi. 4.

295.

The weary body resteth here—
The dust in earth's dark bosom laid
Shall at the Saviour's voice appear
In beauty and in strength arrayed;
United with the spirit pure,
From the cold grave in glory raised,
That day of joy shall aye endure,
The Lamb shall evermore be praised.

296.

* Tread lightly, stranger, near this sacred dust,
The grave but holds it for awhile in trust;
Body and soul redeemed by God's dear Son,
Death but a passing victory hath won:
What sin hath severed grace shall reunite,
To share the heritage of saints in light.

L.

297.

Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venomed sting!

298.

Composed, serene, he gained the happy shore
Where sickness, pain, and sorrow are no more,
Lovely in death, he charmed the weeping eye:
If this be death, who would not wish to die?

299.

Farewell, thou world of grief, farewell!
Thy thorny paths are trod;
Joyful I leave my mouldering cell
To seek a house with God.

300.

She loved her church, she loved her Saviour dear,
She loved the emblems of His richest grace;
In him she found a refuge from each fear,
And hoped for Heaven, her sure last resting-place.

301.

Supremely blest! for o'er thy sleep
The promise breathes its spell,
Replete with joy for eyes that weep,
And hope for hearts that swell;
The promise of that morn of light
When dust and spirit shall unite
Again in bliss to dwell,
And this cold form of senseless clay
Shall rise to reign in endless day.

302.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour hath passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

303.

* Weep not! the land to which I go
Is beautiful and bright;
There shall no tears of sorrow flow,
And there shall be no night.

Rejoice!

Rejoice! we yet shall meet again,
Where none may say "farewell,"
And in one home of deathless love
Together we shall dwell.

J. A. F.

304.

Redeeming Lord! to those who die in Thee,
Death has indeed no sting, the grave no victory.

305.

Lowly her lot on earth, but He who bore
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,
Gave her His truth and faithfulness, to prove
The choicest treasures of his boundless love.
Death, of his sting disarmed, inspired no fear;
She tasted heaven e'en while she lingered here,
O, happy saint! may we like her be blessed!
In life as faithful, and in death find rest.

306.

The faithful dead, like stars by day,
Are hid from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky.

307.

'Tis sweet to hope his pains are fled,
His toils and sorrows closed for ever;
While He, whose blood for man was shed,
Shall place upon his servant's head
A crown that fadeth never.

308.

For those who to their rest are gone,
Lost are the tears we shed—
They are the living, they alone
Whom here we call the dead.

309.

They who die in Christ are blest;
Ours be then no thought of grieving;
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving:
So be ours the faith that saveth,
And the hope that trial braveth.

310.

* Grave with a pen of iron o'er my sod,
The sure, the certain hope which victory giveth;
Yet in my flesh shall I behold my God,
For this I know, that "my Redeemer liveth."

L.

311.

He was a man among the few
Firm on Religion's side,
And all his strength from Scripture drew,
To hourly use applied.

312.

* "She is not dead, but sleepeth"—
A sleep, how calm, how blest!
When Christ the spirit keepeth,
The wearied frame hath rest.

L.

313.

Here, softer than the dews of even
Fall peaceful on the slumbering deep,
Asleep to earth—awake to heaven—
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

314.

Happy those, in Jesus sleeping,
O'er whose dust a watch He's keeping,—
All their toils and tears are o'er;

When

When He comes, revealed from heaven,
Crowns will then to them be given;
They will reign for evermore.

315.

No more weighed down by pain and strife,
Her spirit is refreshed and free;
After the battle-hour of life,
Saviour, she findeth rest in Thee!

316.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no war, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

317.

The great unfathomed mystery
His soul at length can understand,
And knoweth what it is to be
Joint-heir with Christ in that bright land.

318.

Her Shepherd watched her drooping, and meanwhile
"The everlasting arms were underneath;"
Cheered by His voice, encouraged by His smile,
She reached the dark unfathomed gulf of death:
He hushed its waves;—then to His fold above
Wafted safe o'er the object of His love.

319.

By the soft spell of love drawn near,
The child its Father now can see,
The word of Jesus now is clear,
"Thy God and Father loveth thee!"

320.

A rest unbroken now by fears,
A peace she never knew before,
For God hath wiped away her tears,
And grief may never touch her more.
She can her Saviour's face behold,
And heaven doth now its joys unfold.

321.

From the dim eye, and pulse all faintly beating,
And that cold damp which hung upon thy brow,
When life was from its feeble hold retreating,
We turn—to meditate what thou art now.
No longer Friends and Kindred draw around thee
Trembling to see the last sad mortal strife— [thee,
Thy God, we trust, with palmy wreaths hath crowned
And thy freed spirit soars in realms of life.
Not that thy works could earn that blessed sentence,
Though few more blamelessly have walked this earth,
Nor yet thy humble faith and deep repentance,
Nor thy confession—'I am nothing worth.'
There stands no Saint before the eternal throne
But gives the praise to God, to God in Christ alone.

322.

Faith was her compass, Truth her polar star
In surging seas of world's adversity.

Resignation.

323.

It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good. 1 Sam. iii. 18.

324.

As for God, his way is perfect; the word of the Lord is tried; He is a buckler to all them that trust in him. 2 Sam. xxii. 31.

325.

They that know thy name will put their trust in Thee; for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek Thee. Psalm ix. 10.

326.

I was dumb; I opened not my mouth; because THOU didst it. Psalm xxxix. 9.

327.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance. Psalm xliii. 5.

328.

Thou, which hast showed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth. Psalm lxxi. 20.

329.

Mine eyes are unto Thee, O God the Lord: in Thee is my trust; leave not my soul destitute. Psalm cxli. 8.

330.

The Lord is good, a strong-hold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in him. Nahum i. 7.

331.

Patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer. Rom. xii. 12.

332.

As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing. 2 Cor. vi. 10.

333.

I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. 1 Thess. iv. 13.

334.

In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began. Tit. i. 2.

335.

Surely I come quickly: Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Rev. xxii. 20.

336.

Tears for the dead who die in sin,
And tears for living crime;
Tears when the conscience wakes within
First in expiring time;
Tears for the lost—but Heaven's own voice
Says for the Christian dead—Rejoice.

337.

Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy soul, we trust, is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown;
Where thou art sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

338.

Submit thyself to God, and thou shalt find
God bears the burthen of a will resigned.

339.

The Lord in mercy gave, but gave in trust—
The Lord resumed, resuming still is just
Giving, resuming, He is still the Lord,
Still be his mercy, still his name adored.

340.

What though memorials of the lost and dear,
That wake to anguish, are around us here;
Yet here are words of peace and comfort given,
To lift the mourner's eye and heart to heaven.

341.

We leave thee here to take thy rest,
No longer may we watch thy bed,
But glorious angels, spirits blest,
Shall guard thee, day and night, instead.
God gave—though now his gift he claim—
Still blessed be his holy name!

342.

Since our feeble spirits shrink
At the touch of natural grief;
When our earthly loved ones sink,
Send us, Lord, thy sure relief;
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And to trust their souls with Thee.

343.

E'en the last parting earth can know
Brings not unutterable woe
To souls that heavenward soar;
For humble faith, with stedfast eye,
Points to a brighter world on high,
Where hearts, that here at parting sigh,
May meet to part no more.

344.

At thy command I meekly yield
My body to the dust—
Saviour, I trust in Thee alone,
And know in whom I trust!

345.

Body and soul I gave to thee,
In their united state;
And now as fully trust Thee, Lord,
With both when separate.

346.

God is alike both good and wise
In what he gives and what denies.
Perhaps while goodness gives to-day
To-morrow goodness takes away.

347.

We lay thee here in hope, the Lamb once slain
Will raise, and we shall see thee yet again.

348.

Our dearest Friends grow sick and die,
We leave them in the tomb,
Yet banish the desponding sigh—
This world is not our home;
We too are travellers on the road
And hope to meet them yet with God.

349.

* Lord, we believe! help thou our unbelief,
When sorrow tempts to tears of faithless grief.
Thou, who our griefs hast borne, uphold, forgive;
We know that this our Brother yet shall live.
Accomplish, Lord, the number of thy saints,
And haste thy kingdom—for our spirit faints!

L.

350.

Far better thus to sleep awhile
Within the Church's shade,
Nor wake, until new heaven, new earth,
Meet for their new immortal birth,
For their abiding-place be made,
Than wander back to life, and lean
On our frail love once more.
'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

351.

We leave the sleeper with his God to rest;
All is not *here* of our beloved and blest.

352.

We cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
But all is well that's done by Thee.

353.

How sweet to think in sorrow's hour,
That He who reigns above,
Although supreme in sovereign power,
Is as supreme in love!

354.

Lord, what thou gavest thou canst take,
And when thou wilt new gifts canst make,
All flows from Thee alone;
When Thou didst give, it still was Thine,
When Thou retookest, 'twas not mine,
Thy will in all be done!

355.

The soul, reposing in assured belief,
Feels herself happy mid her every grief;
Forgets her labour as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song.

356.

By faith we view the promised land,
And see our brethren there;
By faith we joined the heavenly band,
And hope their joys to share.

357.

God gave, and He hath ta'en away,
His righteous will be done!
Be ours His precepts to obey,
In faith our race to run.

358.

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still I would reply—
Thy will be done!

359.

We think of those we love, passed o'er
Death's short but stormy tide;
They seem to stand on Canaan's shore,
And call us to their side.

360.

Sure confidence within us dwells,
Whate'er sad changes come;
The heart, though grieved, with hope still swells—
This world is not our home;
To us, unworthy, it is given
To trust in Christ and hope for heaven.

361.

We trust his soul has found a home
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

362.

O, how shall I complain
Of Him who rules above?
He sends no needless pain,
But always smites in love;
He looks in tenderest pity down,
E'en when he seems to wear a frown.

363.

* Christians shall Christians meet on high,
When time and all its cares are o'er;
The flower in Adam doomed to die,
In Christ shall bloom and fade no more.
J. E.

364.

A bruised reed He will not break;
But hearts that bow before Him,
Shall own his mercy while they ache,
And faithfully adore Him.

365.

When Christians in their Saviour sleep,
Their crown is won, their warfare o'er;
Why should we then in anguish weep?
They are not lost—but gone before.

366.

Though sorrowing anguish hearts may wring,
Though bosoms torn may be,
Yet suffering is a holy thing—
Without it what were we?

367.

The faithful spirit finds relief
In calm submissive love;
Consoled by grace amid its grief,
It waits for joys above.

368.

O Christian, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be faithful, still, and calm.
Be patient in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

369.

Sweet corn of wheat, committed to the ground,
To die, and live, and bear more precious ear;
While in the heart of earth thy Saviour found
His place of rest, for thee we will not fear.

Monitory.

370.

O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end. Deut. xxxii. 29.

371.

When he dieth he shall carry nothing away; his glory shall not descend after him. Psalm xlix. 17.

372.

What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death? Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave? Psalm lxxxix. 48.

373.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Psalm xc. 12.

374.

When a wicked man dieth, his expectation shall perish, and the hope of unjust men perisheth. Proverbs xi. 7.

375.

There is no man that hath power over the spirit, to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death. Eccles. viii. 8.

376.

God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil. Eccles. xii. 14.

377.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near. Isaiah lv. 6.

378.

Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. Matt. xii. 36.

379.

I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work. John ix. 4.

380.

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. John xiv. 6.

381.

Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. vi. 2.

382.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Gal. vi. 7.

383.

He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. Gal. vi. 8.

384.

The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. 1 Thes. v. 2.

385.

The end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer. 1 Peter iv. 7.

386.

Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be. Rev. xxii. 12.

387.

A holy Judge—a righteous doom—
A bar where none dissemble—
A short quick passage to the tomb—
How shouldst thou stop and tremble!
And ask thyself, as moments fly,
Am I prepared, or not, to die?

388.

Seek wisdom, mortal, while you may,
For swiftly time is flying;
The thoughtless man that laughs to-day
To-morrow may be dying.

389.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"
Sin's awful curse demands;
O, well, if pure before the throne
The soul accepted stands.

390.

Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attend on every breath,
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

391.

God only can true comfort give
To mourning spirits while we live;
He only, when we yield our breath,
Can guide us through the vale of death.

392.

In each mournful visitation
On this sweet assurance rest,
Whatsoe'er the dispensation,
God's decree is always best.

393.

Mortal, improve the hours you have,
Before the day of grace be fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead.

394.

* Reader! the human dust beneath thy feet
Shall one day rise again,—so shall thine own,
And thou and he shall glad or trembling meet
Before the great white throne.

J. A. F.

395.

Oh, learn, ye living! by the mouths be taught
Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,
That soon or late, death also is your lot,
And the next opening grave may yawn for you.

396.

Read, ye that run, this awful truth,
Soon must ye quit life's stage;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

397.

O Reader, ere the darksome tomb
Shall cover thee from every eye,
To thee may heavenly wisdom come
And fit thee both to live and die.

398.

To die, O Reader, dost thou fear?
And wouldst thou longer stay?
Thou hast incurred a long arrear;
Nor hast wherewith to pay?
Pay!—follow Christ and all is paid,
His death your peace secures;
Think on the grave where *He* was laid,
And calm descend to *yours*.

399.

He lives, who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside;
For other source than God is none
Whence life can be supplied.

400.

Lord! fix our hearts on things above,
Since all below to ruin tends;
If here we trust, believe, and love,
There we shall meet our Christian Friends.

401.

O Reader, get thy peace secured,
Whilst thou hast life and breath;
Believe in Christ, or be assured
Thine end's eternal death;
Sad period to a pleasant course!
Yet so will God repay
Sabbaths profaned without remorse,
And mercy cast away.

402.

How oft doth youth, all healthful and at ease,
Look on to pleasant days it never sees;
And many a tomb, like this, proclaims aloud,
"Oh, youth, prepare thee for an early shroud!"

403.

* Strangers and Pilgrims here on earth,
Fed by our Fathers' God,
We nothing brought with us at birth,
At death need but a sod;
But endless bliss, or ceaseless woe,
Must follow life's brief span,
As each has fixed his lot below,
And lived to God or man.

L.

404.

Turn, mortal, turn, thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven.

405.

Life is a span, a fleeting hour,
That like a vapour flies;
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies:
Faith looks beyond the bounds of time,
When those we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

406.

Reader, would'st thou ask us why
In the gloomy grave we lie?
Man must die because of sin,—
Let thy conscience wake within.—
Fain we would that thou should'st know
How to value things below.
Take this solemn warning home,
Flee thou from the wrath to come.

407.

Time passeth swift away,
The voice of warning hear;
Prepare, while it is called to-day,
For night is surely near.
Hell waits thee if thy course be run
Before the work of faith be done.

408.

Man, wouldst thou live? God's holy Book shall tell
Where life's best joys and truest pleasures dwell:
Man, thou must die!—ah, prize that sacred lore
Which points to worlds where death can wound no more.
Living or dying, that would soothe thy pain,
Whispering—"To live is Christ, to die is gain."

409.

So generations pass; and earth its due
Receives; and, Reader, waits for yours and you.
Prepare; and know—the path of duty, trod
Divinely, leads to happiness and God.

410.

Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

411.

* Our lot for ever fixed by death,
Repentance will avail no more;
Mortal, ere called to yield thy breath,
From thine offended God implore
That pardon which through Christ is given
To all whose spirits enter heaven.

L.

412.

In vain does Reason boast her power
To teach her children how to die;
The sinner in a dying hour
Needs more than Reason can supply:
True faith in Christ, the sinner's Friend,
Alone can cheer him in his end.

Miscellaneous.

413.

Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. Gen. iii. 19.

414.

We are strangers before Thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding. 1 Chron. xxix. 15.

415.

Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his days also like the days of an hireling? Job vii. 1.

416.

Man lieth down, and riseth not; till the heavens be no more they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep. Job xiv. 12.

417.

My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart. Job xvii. 11.

418.

I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness. Psalm xvii. 15.

419.

He that is our God, is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death. Psalm lxviii. 20.

420.

What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death? shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave? Psalm lxxxix. 48.

421.

The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death. Prov. xiv. 32.

422.

I said in mine heart, God shall judge the righteous and the wicked. Eccles. iii. 17.

423.

All are of the dust, and all return to dust again. Eccles. iii. 20.

424.

In all points as he came, so shall he go; and what profit hath he that hath laboured for the wind? Eccles. v. 16.

425.

The dust shall return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. Eccles. xii. 7.

426.

Who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth? Mal. iii. 2.

427.

We all do fade as a leaf. Isaiah lxiv. 6.

428.

The day of the Lord is great and very terrible, and who can abide it? Joel ii. 11.

429.

The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth: they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation. John v. 28, 29.

430.

Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. John xi. 25.

431.

There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust. Acts xxiv. 15.

432.

The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. vi. 23.

433.

We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. 2 Cor. v. 10.

434.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. 1 Tim. vi. 7.

435.

Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come. Heb. xiii. 14.

436.

The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night. 2 Pet. iii. 10.

437.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power. Rev. xx. 6.

438.

Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire. Rev. xx. 15.

439.

Oh! Reader, pause and ponder well,
Death is the gate to Heaven or Hell;
My doom is fixed,—the seal is set,—
But thou may'st choose thy portion yet.*

* From 'Lyra Memorialis.'

440.

To mourning hearts and weeping eyes,
Springs comfort from the sod;
Gathered to all she loved, she lies,
And gathered to her God.†

441.

As falls the tree, the tree must lie;
Fixed is the doom of all that die:
The Spirit then no longer pleads,
Nor Intercessor intercedes.
The day of grace and prayer is fled:
Thus to the living speaks the dead.†

442.

'Tis God's decree; so "it is well,"
His ways are always right;
Goodness and truth are o'er them all,
Though far above our sight.

443.

* A sinner, once in Adam dead,
Alive in Christ through grace,
His spirit now from earth hath fled
To see Him face to face,
Where sin can never more assail,
Where love and joy can never fail.

L.

444.

When faithful love bethinks of heaven,
Immortal joys to mortals given:
When we can hope our friends now taste
The sweetness of the promised rest,
Well may our hearts no more rebel,
But grateful say, "Lord, it is well."

† From 'Lyra Memorialis.'

445.

Teach me with meek submissive awe
To own thy sovereign will;
E'en comfort from thy rod to draw,
And, weeping, thank thee still.

446.

Would'st thou meet death without dismay,
Seek Christ to take its sting away.

447.

There is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be,
And but a step may lie between
That world of souls and thee.

448.

* Amid the buried dead of ages past
We laid thee, loved one, to thy peaceful rest;
And when these graves shall hear the trumpet blast,
May mourned and mourners meet amid the blest.
L.

449.

* From infancy to hoary age
My God has been my guide,
His mercies followed through each stage,
His love my wants supplied;
And will He in the grave forsake
The work of "His own hand?"
No! at his word this dust shall wake,
And in his likeness stand.
L.

450.

* Mine eyes have thy salvation seen,
My heart, O Lord, its call obeyed;
And

And thine own arm my stay hath been,
Through the dark valley's lingering shade;
My soul, into thy hands resigned,
My flesh, reposing in the tomb,
Their full redemption hope to find
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come.

L.

451.

* Seek not to judge the living or the dead,
Thine own heart vile, thy brother's all unknown;
One is our Judge, to whom each thought hath fled,
Each heart is open; and before whose throne—
A just, unerring bar—we all must stand:
Seek to secure thy lot at His right hand!

L.

452.

Though deep the slumbers of the tomb,
Though dark that bed of clay,
The just shall wake, and leave that gloom
For everlasting day.

453.

"Thou art the life"—thine be the praise;
Thy mighty voice the dead shall raise,
Their slumbering dust to life restore,
And bid them live to die no more.

454.

Oh! what is death? 'tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where life's pursuits their fruit attain,
And all is bliss, or all is pain.

455.

Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
What God hath for his saints prepared;

Strengthened by Him through all the fight,
And conquering all things by his might,
They tread the world beneath their feet,
And gladly die their Lord to meet.

456.

* We laid her in the hallowed grave,
With hope in Him who died to save.

K.

457.

'I know that my Redeemer lives!'
What comfort this short sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, the Church's living Head,
And soon in glory He will come,
To raise his Members from the tomb.

458.

How blest, when grace has made us meet,
The Saviour's face to see;
For if his love on earth be sweet,
What must his presence be!

459.

Peer or peasant, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor,—
What is that to thee or me,
So that love to Christ endure?
If the shore be won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

460.

Dead!—the Christian does not die;
Stedfast is the faithful word:
He shall live eternally,
If indeed he loved the Lord.†

† From 'Things after Death.'

461.

Thou, who from sin my soul didst free,
Shalt raise my dust to live with Thee,
Where pleasures, all unmixed with woe,
At God's right hand for ever flow.

462.

* The day of grace with us is o'er,
Here prayer avails the soul no more,
No sin is here forgiven;
Ye dead in sin, without delay,
Apply to Christ, while yet ye may
Secure the hope of Heaven.

K.

463.

* Man that is of woman born,
Evil are his days and few;
As the grass of summer morn
Drooping, gone, ere evening dew:
Yet he dies to live again
In unceasing joy or pain.

L.

464.

When round my grave ye come to weep
Think that ye hear me say to all,
'Upon this tomb no tear must fall—
God giveth his beloved sleep.'

465.

* Ask ye of the days of old,
Where their myriad sons are now?
Passed, e'en as a tale that's told!—
Flesh to nature's doom must bow.
When the dead shall wake from dust,
Will thy lot be with the just?

L.

466.

Redeeming Lord! to those who die in Thee
Death hath no sting, the grave no victory!

467.

Why should we mourn when Christian friends
Are summoned to the tomb?
'Tis but the message Jesus sends
To call his Brethren home.

468.

Life is real, life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

469.

Let no proud stone with boastful praises rise
To mark the couch whereon a sinner lies;
Or if some boast must mark my lowly grave,
Boast of His love who died mankind to save.

470.

With calmness follow to the tomb,
The steps that Jesus trod;
He's gone before, and through the gloom
Leads faithful souls to God.

471.

One only trust from us can chase
The terrors of death's cold embrace;
The crucified Redeemer's love
Alone can every fear remove:
Faith in his gracious, mighty power,
Can soothe and bless death's awful hour.

472.

'To-morrow I will seek the Lord,'
The foolish heart will say;
To-morrow may no life afford,
O seek the Lord to-day!
Seek him;—and Him thou soon shalt find,
And own how blest are they
Who put the morrow from their mind,
To seek the Lord to-day.

473.

Cast worldly hopes aside:—one hope alone
Will brightly beam when all beside are gone;
True faith in Christ will cheer life's latest breath,
Whispering this—'Life shall spring out of death.'

474.

What though my bed be now my grave,
And for my house I darkness have;
What though all earthly joy be fled,
And I be numbered with the dead,
Yet have I hope, by God's great power,
To spring a renovated flower.

475.

What if the dead in dusty guise
Wait on through twice ten thousand years,
A change shall come, the just shall rise
Immortal, heavenly, angels' peers,
And each shall then receive once more
The likeness which at first he bore.

476.

Why do we weep, though life is frail,
And death takes those we love away?

Grief

Grief for the dead can nought avail,
And faith points out a brighter day;
O may we trust our gracious God,
And humbly bow beneath his rod.

477.

Though the tomb receives its trust,
Though the body sleeps in dust,
Thou wilt burst the gates of death,
Thou wilt yet renew our breath;
Then the sons of God, made clear,
Shall be like Thee, shall be near;—
Gracious Saviour, oh, appear!

478.

Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized—it was not mine;
I only yield Thee what was thine:
'Thy will be done!'

479.

Lord, what is life? If spent with Thee
In duty, praise, and prayer,
However short or long it be
We need but little care;
Because eternity will last
When life and death and time are past.

480.

Yes, he is gone:—and we are going all;
Like flowers we wither, and like leaves we fall.

481.

Oh! on that day—that awful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
We shall be safe if Christ's our stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

482.

Nor love nor hate thy life, but what is given
Live well;—how long or short—leave that to Heaven.

483.

'Tis done—the raging storm is heard no more;
Mercy receives him on her peaceful shore.

484.

It must be so;—for Adam's guilty fall
Brought death and sin and sorrow on us all;
All die in him, and helpless should we be,
Adored Redeemer! were it not for Thee.

485.

With Him who tries the heart and reins,
A true and full account remains,
Inscribed against each name,
Of all that mortal flesh has wrought,
Of all the thinking soul has thought,
For glory, or for shame.

486.

Blest with thy light, Thou Day-spring from on high!
We live in comfort, and in comfort die,
Seeking beyond the grave's mysterious gloom,
A life of glory, and a blissful home.

487.

* If wealth, if pleasure, if a happy life,
Be worth a struggle, seek them while you may;
But seek them not 'mid worldly joy or strife,
For all of earth will quickly fade away;
Seek them from Him whose promise stands secure,
And thou shalt have them where they'll e'er endure.

K.

488.

Thy words are true, Thy promises are just,
And Thou wilt know thy ransomed flock in dust.

489.

Let my remembrance often creep
Across thy mind;—but do not weep,
But go; so live, thy death may be
Such as no friend need weep for thee.

490.

Patient devoted servant of her God,
The heavenward path this humble woman trod;
To Him who gave resigning her calm breath,
In meek tranquillity she sunk to death;
And now life's trial done, her sleeping dust
Awaits the glorious rising of the just.

491.

The Christian, when life's trials close,
Sleeps in refreshing calm repose.

492.

* Man that is of woman born,
Few his days and full of sorrow;
Now exulting in the morn,
Carried to his grave to-morrow;
Yet in shortest life that's given
Man may make his peace with Heaven.

K.

493.

Hope, that can look beyond the grave
With faith's sustaining power,—
Hope, which the 'Rock of ages' gave,
Brightened her latest hour.

494.

Death calls our friends, our neighbours hence,
And none can ward the fatal dart;
But while these warnings move the sense,
Too oft they fail to strike the heart;
Teach us, O Lord, the heavenly skill
Each awful warning to improve,
That while our days are shortening still
We may prepare for joys above.

495.

My flesh shall here awhile remain;
My soul to God I trust,—
By whom I hope to rise again
From death and earthly dust.

496.

When this short life is gone and past,
There is no cure for sin;
Then as we are, so shall we last
In joy or peace as we begin.

497.

Man lives on earth in sorrow, sin, and pain;
Life is but loss, where death is counted gain:
Who dies to sin while still on earth he lives,
Through Christ in heaven eternal life receives.

498.

Who lives for worldly gain in sinful ways
In mocking vanity wears out his days;
Who lives to God, his days are never done,
He lives two lives while others have but one.

499.

When sorrowing o'er the stone we bend,
Which covers our departed friend,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears we shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead!

500.

Look up to Heaven, and unto Him,
Whose life-blood flowed for thee,
And read, in that all-cleansing stream,
His summons,—'Come to me.'

501.

* Ask no more of him below.—
'Tis enough for thee to know,
He was once as hale as thou,
Thou shalt be as he is now—
Thou shalt mouldet in the tomb,
Thou shalt unto judgment come;
Art thou then prepared to meet
Christ upon the judgment-seat?

K.

THE END.

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD STREET.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

I.

NOTICES OF SEPULCHRAL MONUMENTS IN ENGLISH CHURCHES;

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS:

Being a Manual of the several kinds of Sepulchral Monuments admitted into our Cathedral and Parish Churches, from the Norman Period to the Present Time; with suggestions for selecting Christian Memorials.

Price 2s.

NOTICES OF THE WORK.

"Such a Manual as Mr. KELKE's is most useful. Every kind of memorial monument is touched on."—*The Britannia.*

"It is a very interesting work, evincing considerable research, and enriched with a profusion of woodcut illustrations."—*The Church of England Magazine for March*, 1851.

"It is perhaps more valuable from the truth of its observations, its clearness, and the admirable manner in which it is adapted to attract the attention and invite the research of the tyro in antiquarian pursuits."—*The Archæologia Cambrensis*

"They who are not disposed or able to obtain the larger works published on these memorials of past time, may gain a good general knowledge of the subject from the 'Notices' before us."—*The Builder.*

"Mr. KELKE deserves great praise for his industry and for his good taste; evidences of these meet us in every page of his agreeable and clever volume."—*The Church and State Gazette.*

II.

BRITAIN'S ANCIENT CHURCH AND ROME'S USURPATION.

Price 3d.

QUAINT EPITAPHS.

Here rests of Johnson, the venerable dust;
Forget him New England never must;
And here have come to rest their weary bones,
Their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jones.
[From Albany.

Fame spread her wings and with her trumpet blew;
Great Washington is near—what praise is due?
What title shall he have? She paused and said—
Not one: his name alone strikes every title dead.
[From Portsmouth.

Poorly lived,
And poorly died,
Poorly buried,
And no one cried.
[From Bebbington Churchyard, Cheshire, Eng.

ON WILLIAM WRAY.

Here lieth, wrapped in clay,
The body of William Wray:
I have no more to say.

I lost my life in the raging seas—
A sovereign God does as he please;
The Kittery friends they did appear,
And my remains lie buried here.
[From Kittery Point, Maine.

The following is the world-renowned epitaph of the Lady Elizabeth O'Looney:

"First cousin to Burke, commonly called the Sublime, she was bland, passionate and deeply religious. Also she painted in water-colors, and sent many pictures to the great exhibition, and of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Here lies John Davies,
Quite at his aises,
With the tips of his toes
And the end of his nose
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.
[From a Churchyard in Scotland.

A Queer Epitaph and some Profound Reflections.

1865

A correspondent of the London *Athenæum* favors the readers of that journal with the following:

"While some philosophers seek information in the Far West, and others in the not much nearer East; one perchance reducing eccentric arrow-heads to a civilised alphabet, another metamorphosing emblematic pitch-forks, tom cats, &c., of 2000 A. M. into sensation novels of the period—a third studying the customs and annals of prehistoric America by the aid of Aztec pots and pipkins—it has been the happy lot of the undersigned, with no greater effort than a short railway journey and a pleasant walk, to light upon a treasure of antiquity which may not be without interest to some of your readers. The internal evidence of the following lines is sufficient to show what they purport to be, viz., the epitaph of an accomplished parish officer at Crayford, in Kent. They run as follows:

"'Here heth the body of
Peter Isnell,
(30 years Clerk of this Parish.)

"'He lived respected as a pious and mirthful man, and died on his way to Church to assist at a Wedding on the 31st day of March, 1811; aged 70 years.

"'The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory and as a tribute to his long and faithful services.

"'The life of this *Clerk* was just three score and ten,
Nearly half of which time he had sung out *Amen*;
In his Youth he was married, like other young men,
But his Wife died one day, so he chanted *Amen*.
A second he took, she departed, what then?
He married and buried a third with *Amen*.
Thus his joys and his sorrows were *Trebled*, but then
His Voice was deep *Bass* as he sung out *Amen*.
On the *horn* he could blow as well as most men,
So his *horn* was exalted in blowing *Amen*;
But he lost all his *Wind* after threescore and ten,
And here with three Wives he waits till again
The Trumpet shall rouse him to sing out *Amen*.'

"Lest I should be suspected of any unworthy motive, either the love of trickery or the desire of gain, I beg to state—first, that I actually copied this inscription a few days ago from a tombstone in Crayford Churchyard; secondly, that I am not interested in any railway that can benefit by the unprecedented rush of visitors which so remarkable a discovery must occasion."

ay x

3 2044 038 426 367

DATE DUE

SEP 10 1999

DEMCO,